

FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE NEWS PAPER

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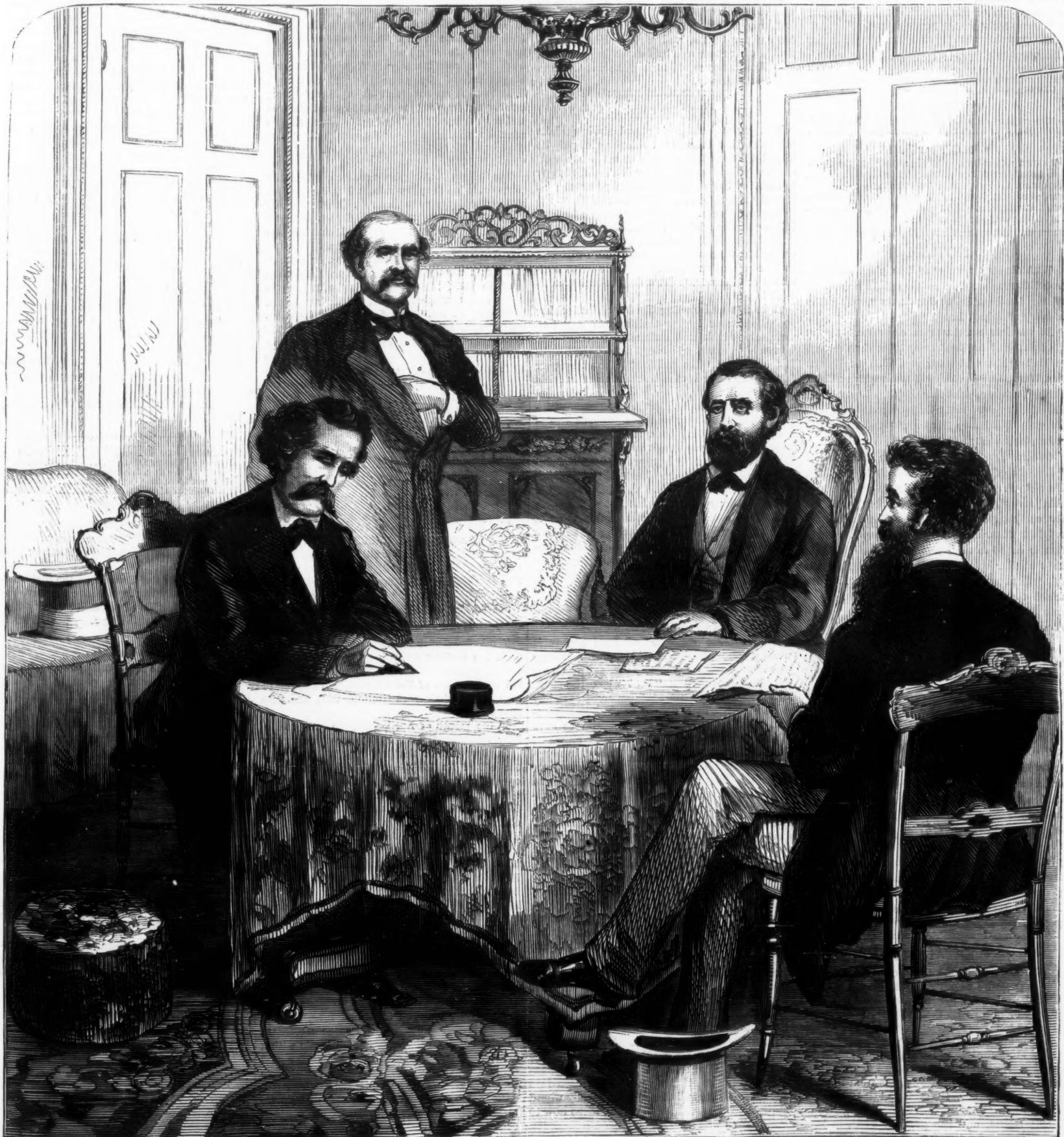
GOOD FOR GOOSE, GOOD FOR
GANDER.

We neither applaud nor condemn Mayor Hall and Superintendent Kelso for forbidding the "Orange" procession in this city. It is highly improbable they would have prohibited a Fe-

nian procession. They certainly would have encouraged one in honor of St. Patrick. And if it were a question whether the Seventh or Sixty-ninth Regiment should have the privilege of obstructing Broadway, and making themselves nuisances generally, it is not doubtful which of those redoubtable bodies

of warriors would carry its point. Now, we are against all this business. Foreigners coming here, and being permitted to accept—a pure matter of grace—American citizenship, should be American citizens, and nothing else. They should know but one flag,

obstructing business, under green, or black and yellow bunting, or any other kind whatever. We don't care a copper about their old feuds, victories, or defeats; Rory O'Moore and Kaiser William are all the same to us. Only let the city have "peace," and let its people, who mainly pay its expenses, circulate freely.



THE ORANGE RIOT IN NEW YORK.—GOVERNOR HOFFMAN, ASSISTED BY GENERAL MCQUADE AND COLONEL VAN BUREN, PREPARING HIS PROCLAMATION GUARANTEEING PROTECTION TO THE PARADE—SCENE AT THE CLARENDON HOTEL, JULY 11TH.—SEE PAGE 327.

[JULY 29, 1871.]

That is about all miserable Americans-born dare to ask for, and which, in compassion, if for no other reason, ought to be conceded to them. They have long ago surrendered the privilege of expending their own money and doing their own voting; let them have that of enjoying the benefits which its magnificent administration brings to their masters.

Mayor Hall and Superintendent Kelso (jesting apart) inaugurated a much-needed reform. They intended to suppress the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, or, rather, the celebration of it, in the city of New York, and had they been supported in so doing by the Governor, and followed it up in the coming year by suppressing every public national celebration which was not intrinsically American, they would have well deserved the conscientious applause of every American citizen, born or adopted, who is honestly attached to the Government of the United States. We want no demonstrative reminiscences (in this country) of Jena or Sédan or Waterloo or the Boyne, nor of any affair not connected with our own history.

What is good for the goose must be excellent regimen for the gander!

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1871.

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NOTICE.

To our subscribers in Texas: Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post-Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

NOTICE.

With the next number will be given an illustrated SUPPLEMENT, containing further chapters of the Continuation to DICKENS's novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

In the last number was commenced a most powerful and brilliant story of modern society, entitled "MAUD MOHAN; OR, WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?" by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), known, wherever English literature is valued, for her remarkable novels—"Dennis Donne," "Called to Account," "False Colors," "Playing for High Stakes," etc.

Our readers have not forgotten the exquisite "Legends of the New England Coast," by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, lately presented in this journal, and announced by her publishers for early appearance in book form, with the original illustrations from these pages. Attention is called to the series of historic anecdotes in similar vein, now appearing under the title of "SKETCHES FROM CHEF-DE-MARRE," in which the legendary side of Yankee history is annotated in a spirit of charity, sympathy and romance recalling the style of HAWTHORNE.

Besides its selection of the choicest fiction and other literature, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER as it was the first is the principal purveyor of PICTORIAL NEWS on this Continent. Its unapproached facilities enable it to represent the events of the day promptly on their occurrence, and whether they fall under the eyes of its American or European art-reporters. Depending upon its own resources, and considering American news the paramount business of an American journal, it is in the habit of relegating the illustrations of foreign events almost exclusively to a single page, where may always be found an interesting group of pictorial quotations. The body of the NEWSPAPER is filled with original pictures of contemporary occurrences. In this specialty FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has no competitor.

FOSTER AND PRATT.

We talk of reforms, and some are achieved under pressure of public opinion, and in other ways. But what are we to do with judicial abuse, or abuses by the judiciary? Here is a flagrant murderer—a murderer whom a jury of fools or know-nothings, under powerful political and pecuniary influence, could not find a pretext for acquitting—obtaining a respite, and possibly an ultimate release from the penalties of the law, through—Pratt! Pratt, it seems, is a "one-horse" judge somewhere on Long Island, and has granted what, in legal lingo, is called a "stay of proceedings," in the case of Foster, the street-car ruffian and murderer. This means that he is affording an

opportunity for Foster to avoid the impending noose for the present, or for some months, until the horror excited by his crime has been superseded by another equally hideous, and until he can slip away unobserved to the State prison, soon to become "a subject of Executive clemency," and again let loose on society. This "little game" was practised in the case of the assassin Real, and that monster might have escaped his deserved fate, had not the Press rigidly refused to let his case fall into that quasi oblivion to which matters so rapidly tend in a country like ours, where eighteen months are an eternity.

If it be true that speedy, retributive justice acts as a preventive to crime, then the conduct of Judge Pratt is a public wrong, and he himself is amenable, if not to legal process, certainly to public reprehension. No judge in New York would entertain the motion of the indefatigable counsel in the case of Foster, which being granted is, if nothing more, a practical reprieve of this villain for months, perhaps years. The moral force of his swift execution will be lost if he is allowed through legal quibbles, and the unwarranted intervention of "outside" judges, to postpone a result which seems to us to be inevitable—for he and his friends, personal and political, may be assured of one thing, that he cannot escape the penalty of his crime, unless unrelenting Judge Lynch resigns.

In making these observations we cannot be accused of prejudice, one way or another, touching Judge Pratt, whom we now hear of for the first time, and under circumstances which we regret, and which we hope he will also live to regret—if, indeed, he does not regret them already.

AQUATIC EXERCISES.

Now THAT yacht-racing and rowing clubs are attracting widespread attention, it may be hoped that another aquatic exercise will soon receive proper consideration from a far larger portion of the community than is or can be directly interested in or by either of those exhilarating games. Among the crowds thronging to witness trials of skill with sail and oar—among the multitude who can hear of such things only from report—how few are there who can swim at all, or swim well enough to save themselves or others from drowning, in case of accident!

It is not underrating the interest attaching to yachting or rowing-matches, to say that swimming-clubs and swimming-matches can be made to create wider and more useful emulation among "the million" who can never participate in or benefit by those notable trials of skill and muscle.

A migratory people like the Americans—people whose wandering and adventurous habits subject them often to accidents among the waters—should encourage swimming as one of the most valuable "manly exercises." Education should not be deemed "complete" among our young men till they have acquired an art so easily attainable in most regions—an accomplishment which costs nothing, as it may be acquired while promoting cleanliness and health, and which may enable the possessors occasionally to save their own lives and rescue others from destruction. It should be considered an essential feature in the practical education of our young men—on the score of health, and as a life-saving resource in case of accident.

The aquatic example of Lord Byron is worthy of imitation in this respect, among people who relish his poetry without admiring all his morals. His "boat upon the shore and his bark upon the sea" were appropriately supplemented by a degree of skill in the waters which might have enabled him to save others as well as himself, in case either of those "craft" were upset. The swimming-feats, exemplified in crossing the Hellespont, on which he prided himself, should aid in awakening attention to the useful accomplishment we are now advocating.

American youth have not to look abroad for example in this matter, however, as they have resident among them an honored citizen who has long reflected credit alike on his native and adopted countries, and who is a model for our present purpose. Dr. Francis Lieber, who became early and widely known through his noble work, the "Encyclopædia Americana," and whose whole active life has been devoted to objects worthy of general respect, has the reputation of accomplishing, in early years, swimming-feats equaling, if not surpassing, those celebrated in Byronic rhyme. A brief tract from him, respecting such aquatic exercises, would be widely read, and prove largely influential in showing others "the way they should go" into the waters. The experience and advice of such a distinguished person, narrated in his usual style, would conduce essentially toward turning public attention into the desired channel. Readers generally would appreciate the teaching of young ideas how to "swim" as well as "shoot."

Let not this Summer season pass without leaving some evidence of progress in this very useful branch of aquatic sports. The multi-

tude, who cannot readily give the time or money requisite for yachting and rowing-clubs and exhibitions, can have a full share of enjoyment at a cheap rate in the branch of aquatic accomplishments to which we now invite attention. We hope to be able to give some "illustrations" of progress in this respect before the Summer closes; and now urge the formation of swimming-clubs that may soon "divide the honors" with the sturdy oarsmen and more adventurous yachtsmen. Premiums offered for the best feats in swimming would create a sensation anywhere along our coasts.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF NEW YORK.

PART VII.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF RESPECTABLE AGED INDIGENT FEMALES.

The Society which bears the foregoing name is among the oldest of the charitable institutions in New York. It was founded in the year 1813, with special reference to a class of persons who are in reduced circumstances, but who shrink from receiving charity as it is ordinarily and publicly dispensed. In the earlier days of its organization, the Society received some trifling aid from the Common Council, but its chief support, from the outset, has been private subscriptions.

For more than twenty years the Society occupied temporary and changeable quarters; but in 1834 an energetic effort was made by its friends to place it on a permanent footing and in a commodious and permanent building of its own. The result was, a gift from Peter G. Stuyvesant of the necessary ground; two donations in money from John Jacob Astor, amounting, together, to eight thousand dollars; and such other donations from benevolent citizens as warranted the construction of the Asylum at No. 139 Sixth Street, which was completed in 1838.

The building having been constructed for the purpose, is in every way adapted to the comfort and convenience of its inmates. It extends one hundred feet, front, on Sixth Street, and the lot is one hundred feet deep. It will accommodate nearly one hundred persons.

The applicants for admission must be women not less than sixty years of age; they must produce satisfactory testimonials of respectability and character; they, or their friends, must pay an admission fee of eighty dollars each; and, as a rule, they must supply the furniture of their own rooms, which furniture must remain as the property of the Asylum after the death of the inmate. These conditions being complied with, the inmate becomes a resident in the Asylum for life, without any further charge for her support.

The income of this Association for the last year was:

Interest on Invested Fund.....	\$14,250.00
Subscriptions.....	802.00
Donations.....	614.00
Admission Fees.....	360.00
Legacies.....	5,264.00
	\$21,290.00

The Board of Management consists of twenty ladies, of whom Mrs. A. Gillette is the First Director; Mrs. W. M. Vermilye, Second Director; Mrs. W. E. Vermilye, Secretary; Mrs. Jasper Corning, Treasurer; and Mrs. S. M. Beckley, Register. The Physicians are Doctors W. E. Bibbins and Frederick A. Burrall.

PRESBYTERIAN HOME FOR AGED WOMEN.

The benefits of the Association last mentioned were too obvious and too numerous not to establish a precedent for others, and its example led some ladies of the Presbyterian Church to organize a similar institution, with the title above given.

In the month of April, 1866, the project was fully considered, and, by the co-operation of several pastors of the denomination, and with the aid of its laity, a temporary Home was opened at No. 45 Grove Street.

The success of the experiment in Grove Street encouraged the managers to renewed efforts, which were soon after rewarded by a liberal donation, from James Lenox, of four full lots of ground on the northerly side of Seventy-third Street, midway between the Fourth and Madison Avenues. Liberal grants of money from other wealthy Presbyterians soon followed, and the present new Home was completed in April, 1870.

The building is constructed of fine brick, with light-brown stone trimmings. Its ground plan includes an area of ninety-three feet in depth by eighty-six in length, seven feet being reserved on the rear and at each end for light and air; and reservations are also made on the central line, between front and rear, for the same objects. The Home is three stories in height, besides a basement and an attic with a Mansard roof. The cost of the building and furniture was one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The building has accommodations for two hundred inmates, and its internal arrangements are, in every respect, complete.

The conditions of admission are, that the applicants must be residents of the city of New York, must have been for three years members

of the Presbyterian or Dutch Reformed Church, must be not less than sixty-five years of age, and must, by themselves or their friends, contract to pay three dollars a week for their maintenance.

The officers are: Mrs. Sheafe, First Director; Mrs. Parish, Second Director; Miss Maria E. Halsted, Treasurer; Mrs. H. M. Taber, Secretary; Miss Rachel R. Kennedy, Financial Secretary.

ST. LUKE'S HOME FOR INDIGENT CHRISTIAN FEMALES.

A short anecdote tells the origin of this institution. In the year 1861, the Rev. Isaac H. Tuttle, the Rector of St. Luke's Church, was called on by a lone woman, who inquired of him whether there was home or an asylum of the Episcopal Church, where one of four-score years might find a retreat for the remainder of her days. "Madame," replied the rector, "I am sorry to say that our Church has no such home; but, by the grace of God, she shall have one."

Shortly afterward, Mr. Tuttle preached a sermon on the necessity for such an asylum; he invited some members of his congregation to meet him at the rectory; and the result was the commencement of the proposed charity.

At first, a few rooms were hired, and a few beneficiaries were placed in them. Subsequently, an entire house was hired, and three of its floors were appropriated in the same way.

Then, as applicants for aid increased, it became advisable for the managers to change its limited and parochial character to one of general charity. Accordingly, the rectors of several other churches were invited to co-operate in the enterprise. The result was, the purchase of the house No. 481 Hudson Street, adjoining St. Luke's Church, the ground of which is thirty-six feet front by one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, on the rear of which was afterward erected a building twenty-five feet by fifty. The front house is thirty-six feet by thirty-eight, and four stories in height.

Applicants for admission to the Home must bring satisfactory testimonials of good conduct and respectability; they must have resided three years in the city of New York, and they must have been for one year communicants of the Protestant Episcopal Church. An entrance-fee of fifty dollars is required from each beneficiary, and an additional sum of thirty dollars for furnishing her apartment. If she has any property, it must be conveyed to the institution. Each beneficiary must sign an agreement to conform to the rules of the Home, and her subsequent violation of them is a cause for her being dismissed.

Through the medium of the associate managers, thirty-five of the city Episcopal churches are represented in this institution.

The income of the Home for the year ending October 18th was:

Subscriptions.....	\$1,046.00
Donations.....	2,929.00
Donation to the Building-Fund.....	100.00
Legacy of Thomas Garner.....	4,700.00
Legacy of the Rev. John Dowdney.....	500.00
Received from the Corporation.....	5,000.00
Interest on Building Fund.....	1,280.00
	\$15,555.00

The building-fund for accumulation, in order to purchase or erect a more extensive asylum, is at present eleven thousand five hundred and eighty dollars.

The officers of the Home are: the Right Reverend Bishop Potter, President; the Reverend Isaac H. Tuttle, Vice-President; twenty Managers; Francis Pott, Secretary; and A. B. McDonald, Treasurer.

THE LADIES' UNION AID SOCIETY.

The ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church have, in this Association, pursued the same plan as that of the St. Luke's Home and the Presbyterian Home—that is, they have provided for the aged and infirm members of their own communion; and they have added to the original plan the including of aged men in their charity.

The Society was organized in 1850, with very limited means, but with great faith in the ultimate success of the enterprise. In 1855 William S. Seaman gave two lots of ground to the institution; and soon after the managers were able to purchase a third lot, and the fine four-story edifice, of fifty feet front, No. 256 West Forty-second Street, with the four-story house adjoining it eastwardly, are now owned by the Society, without debt or incumbrance.

No admission-fee is demanded by this Society. Applicants must be properly recommended; must have been members in good standing of the Methodist Episcopal Church for ten years, for the last five of which they must have been residents of the city of New York; and they must be without any means of support and without relatives to provide for them.

The Asylum has accommodations for about one hundred beneficiaries.

The officers are: Mrs. R. H. Tittle, First Director; Mrs. S. R. Spellman, Second Director; Mrs. Richard Kelly, Treasurer; Mrs. John D. Adams, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. Lemuel Bangs, Corresponding Secretary.

THE SAMARITAN HOME FOR THE AGED.

In a city like New York, the urgent need of asylums for indigent old age will always exceed the supply of such institutions; yet this class of

charities has kept pace with others. The Samaritan Home differs from some of its predecessors, in being unrestricted as to the particular denomination of Protestant inmates, and in including both sexes for its beneficiaries. And, when its means will warrant, it intends to give a home to aged couples who stand in need of its shelter, and who come within its rules for admission.

Its present location is the large brick house, No. 409 West Fourteenth Street, which stands on a plot of ground of one hundred feet front and rear, running through to Fifteenth Street. This gives room for quite a large garden, which is cultivated by the male inmates for the benefit of the Home. The house and grounds are leased for five years at a moderate rent.

There are accommodations for fifty persons, exclusive of the Matron, the Superintendent, and the employés of the house, which accommodations are equally divided between the males and females. The conditions of admission are, that the applicant shall not be less than sixty-five years of age, and shall pay an entrance fee of two hundred and fifty dollars. The other conditions, with the rules and regulations of the Home, are similar to those of the other asylums of the same character; all of which are expressed at length in the Annual Reports.

The income of this institution is derived from subscribers and from donations, prominent among the latter of which is a gift of ten thousand dollars by Chauncey A. Rose. The Asylum was organized in 1866.

The officers are: Mrs. James McVickar, President; Mrs. Henry A. Smythe, Vice-President; Miss A. O. Cary, Secretary; Mrs. Robert S. Hone, Treasurer; and Mrs. S. W. Brigham, Assistant Treasurer.

THE COLORED HOME.

This institution, again, is similar, in plan and objects, to the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and other Asylums for the Aged; but it antedates the most of them in its organization. It was begun in the year 1839; and it resulted from a meeting of ladies at the house of Mrs. Banyer, in Bond Street. As its title indicates, its original object was the relief of worthy aged colored persons, without reference to any religious denomination. It has subsequently extended its charity to colored persons of all ages.

In 1848, the increasing means of the Society enabled its managers to purchase forty-four lots of ground on the First Avenue, between Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Streets, on a part of which the present buildings were afterward erected.

The main building fronts on Sixty-fifth Street, and two wings extend from its two ends at right angles—one for females, and the other for males; and each capable of accommodating one hundred and twenty persons. The wings are four stories in height, and they are connected in the rear by a two-story building, divided into apartments, which contain, each, from five to eighteen beds. The ground-floor of the Chapel is occupied by the Physicians and the Matron. The buildings form a hollow square, in the centre of which is a flower-garden. On one side of the wings is a vegetable-garden; and on the other, pasture for a cow.

The Home consists of four departments: The Hospital; the Home for the Aged and Indigent; the Nursery; and the Lying-in Asylum. The Nursery is devoted to children over three years of age, who cannot be admitted into the Colored Orphan Asylum. The number of beneficiaries annually relieved by the Home is about eight hundred.

The officers are: Miss C. L. Westerlo, First Director; Mrs. Samuel J. Beebe, Second Director; Mrs. F. F. Randolph, Associate Director; Mrs. James B. Colgate, Treasurer; Mrs. James Robertson, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Blakeman, Recording Secretary; and sixteen ladies as Managers.

FLOWERS.

If, as alleged, the presence of fresh blooming flowers evidences the refinement and elegance of the people who cultivate and enjoy them, then New York may well be proud of the great increase in taste and sentiment of its inhabitants. Never before was such widespread exuberance of these fairest of earth's natural charms. Not only in the greenhouses do we find them, as for many years past, or in the great numbers of itinerant venders—who, at every corner of our principal thoroughfares and public resorts, theatres and concert-rooms, dining-halls and drinking-saloons, stand ready, for a trifle, to fix a fragrant and ornate sprig for your button-hole, or a more expensive bouquet for your lady friend—but, what is novel and noticeable, we find them more and more generally ornamenting our city and vicinity, growing in luxuriant profusion wherever a chance space can be found.

We owe this in no small degree to the influence which the Central Park has exerted over the minds, hearts and tastes of our community. The people have for the last ten or fifteen years seen them there spread in gorgeous luxuriance in the Ramble and *parterres* along its drives. They have learned to love them, and, what is far more important, they have learned to respect them; the boys have been taught to keep their hands from them,

and each admiringly to think himself one of their guardians.

To-day we find the example is spreading. A year or two ago they were found to be safe in the space around the Reservoir (Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street). Gradually from this sublimated region they have crept down town, and now in any one of our little parks and squares—modified and made tasteful as they have lately been—we find flowers, sweetly smelling and gay and glorious, delighting the eye and perfuming the air for the harried man of business, the loiterer—cheering, elevating, and delighting! Even in our private courtyards, ornate vases filled with gorgeous flowers remain free from depredation, respected alike by schoolboys and beggars.

In the Central Park, too, their number is greatly increased, especially along the drives, where frequent little nooks and spots amid the green, surprise us at every turn by their flowing glories, and fill the air with their delicious fragrance. This is unquestionably due to the new officials, who have followed up what was so well begun.

In the multitude of flowers, no such display was ever seen as at some of the wedding and other parties in this city. Immense floral bells, three or four feet high, lined in and out with white flowers; mantelpieces and tables literally matted thick with flowers of every shade and perfume; sometimes, indeed, the whole walls of a hallway and the spiral stairway running to the top of the house, all concealed by real, blooming, odorous flowers! Sometimes quantity seems more apparent than taste, and the parties concerned more proud of the magnitude of a bill counting by thousands of dollars than for the effect produced.

But they have also a real value, simply as a fitting method of paying the compliment due from friend to friend—those nameless obligations, courtesies, recognitions and convenances de société which cannot be valued, paid, but yet recognized, and in a measure discharged, by a present of flowers. No delicate young lady can well accept any lasting present from a courteous young gentleman whose admiration she has won; but, while she would properly decline a ring, or a book, even, she could not well refuse a sheet of music or an ephemeral bouquet.

We may hesitate to make a costly present to one who has done us a substantial favor or an act of courtesy; we may be unable, pecunarily, to send an addition to the corbeille of a bride, or a metallic welcome to the new-born infant of a friend; but a simple moss-bud, an immaculate camellia, within the means of all, will express the kindly feelings as well as the sumptuous offerings of the more affluent.

Among the Germans, the birthday of each member of a family is not forgotten, but, by a wreath around the plate at table, or a basket of flowers, the fact is fragrantly recognized, and his health formally drunk at the simple or luxurious family dinner.

It is by such trivial gifts, mere mementoes, that the happinesses of life are created and augmented. The world needs all the poetry and sentiment that can be woven into its every-day life. The Puritan discarded too much those gentilities of the heart. May we not advantageously encourage the expressions of friendship, gratitude and love, trusting that the expression of kindness may sometimes be stimulated by real depth of feeling?—and by what offerings more beautiful than flowers, the gorgeous jewelry of earth, whose odors exhale toward heaven!

THE REINDEER IN HARNESS.

On one occasion Mr. Kennan, the last traveler who has visited the country of the Koraks, wished for transportation to the next Korak encampment, a distance of forty miles. Orders were given for the capture of twenty reindeer, and the strangers went out to see how twenty trained deer were to be separated from a herd of four thousand wild ones.

Surrounding the tent, in every direction, were the deer belonging to the band, some pawing up the snow with their sharp noses in search of moss; others clashing their antlers together, and barking hoarsely in fight, or chasing one another in a mad gallop over the steppe. Near the tent a dozen men with lassos arranged themselves in two parallel lines, while twenty more, with a thong of seal-skin three hundred yards in length, encircled a portion of the great herd, and, with shouts and waving lassos, began driving it through the narrow gauntlet. The deer strove with frightened bounds to escape from the gradually-contracting circle; but the seal-skin cord, held at short distances by shouting natives, invariably turned them back, and they streamed in a struggling, leaping throng through the narrow opening between the lines of lassos.

Ever and anon a long cord uncoiled itself in air, and a sliding noose fell over the antlers of some unlucky deer, whose slit ears marked him as trained, but whose tremendous leaps and frantic efforts to escape suggested very grave doubts as to the extent of the training. To prevent the interference and knocking together of the deer's antlers when they should be harnessed in couples, one horn was relentlessly chopped off close to the head by a native armed with a heavy sword-like knife, leaving a red ghastly stump, from which the blood trickled in little streams over the animal's ears. They were then harnessed to sledges in couples, by a collar and trace passing between the fore-legs; lines were affixed to small sharp studs in the head-stall, which pricked the right or left side of the head when the corresponding rein was jerked, and the equipage was ready.

MAJOR-GENERAL WALKER, of the British Army, who accompanied, as military attaché, the Crown-Prince's army during part of the war, was refused permission to be present at the grand celebration of its triumphs in Berlin.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Germany.—The Pageant of June 16th—Statue of Frederick William III.—Trophies of Séダン, Strasbourg and Metz—Review of Troops in the Opera-Place.

On June 16th German pride was gratified by the triumphal entry of a select portion of the conquering army into the city of Berlin; its inspection by the Emperor-King William I.; and the inauguration of the statue of King Frederick William III., father of the present monarch. Other festive proceedings occupied two or three following days. It will be remembered that the troops, the Prussian Guards, and select detachments of infantry, cavalry and artillery, representing all the different German army corps that were employed in France, assembled on the Friday morning in the Tempelhof Field, outside the city. They entered the inner city by the Brandenburg Gate, thence crossed the Paris-place, went through the grand avenue called Unter den Linden, from west to east, and arrived in the Opera-place, near the King's Palace. The space between the Castle Bridge and the statue of Frederick the Great was kept clear. Here the Emperor sat on horseback, with the Princes, Ministers and Generals, close to the statue of Marshal Blücher, and saw the troops march past, to the number of 42,000.

He afterward commanded and witnessed the ceremonial unveiling of the equestrian statue of his father, King Frederick William III., predecessor of the late King of Prussia, who was brother to the Emperor William I. The statue stands in the middle of the Lust Garten, and is in bronze—bright golden bronze, such as made the statues at Munich so renowned when new. The inauguration ceremony was most imposing. A tent had been erected for the Empress and the ladies of the Royal party, while round the statue were grouped the Municipal authorities in their state uniforms, the Domchor in their red robes, and innumerable detachments of guards, cuirassiers, hussars, and Uhans. No sooner did the Emperor drive up, than the Domchor struck up a chorale, which had been especially composed for the occasion. A benediction was then given by the presiding clergyman, Prince Bismarck whispered a few words to the Emperor, a gesture of assent was given, and the curtain dropped from the monument. A salvo of 101 guns was then fired, and the bands burst forth into "Theil dir im Siegeskrantz." The Emperor then saluted the statue with his sword—an example followed by the officers present—then rode round it, speaking to several of the officials on his way.

One of the illustrations shows the trophy at the Potsdam Gate, with the statue of a female figure, representing Victory, upon a pedestal inscribed "Séダン," and the seated statues of Metz and Strasbourg to the right and left of it. The central pedestal is arranged so as to present a martial trophy, formed of banners, garlands, and weapons of war. Another engraving displays the scene in the Opera place, where the Emperor saw the troops march past him. There is the Opera-House to the left hand, and the Royal Palace beyond. The place of the equestrian statue is to the right hand, but is not included in this view.

France.—The Communists' Last Ditch in Père La Chaise—English Tourists in Paris—Reopening the Courts in the Palace of Justice—Prisoners at Versailles.

On Saturday, May 27th, at eight in the evening, General Vinoy attacked the Communists holding their last position in the Cemetery of Père La Chaise, on the easterly side of Paris. The latter, to the number of four or five hundred, had dragged a dozen cannon into the sacred inclosure, and from two batteries, established before the tomb of M. Morny and the great pyramid of the Beaujou family, were shelling the greater part of the city of Paris. Vinoy's forces, entering with precaution, and in complete uncertainty of the number of the enemy, had an unexpectedly rapid success. The Communists fled in terror, without spiking their abandoned guns. However, a small group of desperate and lunatic insurgents decided to fight to the death, and to sell their valuable lives dear. The ultimate struggle—the last ditch—was among the tombs of Balzac, Charles Nodier and Emile Souvestre. The troops of the marine had the honor of dealing the definitive blow. Our sketch reproduces this scene, where the Commune "burning its ships," died out like a hole of rats, in its self-elected graveyard.

An incorrigible Englishmen, Mr. Cook, has organized "pleasure trains" to Paris, and undertakes, for a certain honorarium in guineas, to guide his fellow-cockneys through the ruins, guaranteeing them a thoroughly enjoyable picnic. Every week he may be viewed descending from the train at the Northern Railway station, grouping around his person twenty or thirty or forty gaping Englishmen, and pouring into their ears, as he leads them toward the Tuilleries, the whole story of the Prussian investment and the Communist Insurrection. Then he is seen at the Ministry of Finances, at the Palais-Royal, at the magazines of La Villette, always surrounded by his pack of faithful sight-seers, who would willingly, in their rage for relics, despoil the monuments of Paris of all their decorations, as their nation has already stripped the Parthenon of its statues.

The Hall of Pas-Perdus, or Waiting-Room, of the Palace of Justice in Paris, formerly the lounging-place where the lawyers of the Capital used to pass half their time in discussion and promenades, is burned, like most of the other chambers in that once solid and apparently indestructible edifice. On the 5th of June this ruined hall was witness of a singular and melancholy spectacle. The members of the Court of Appeal, headed by its eminent First President, M. Gilardin, passed through it, for the purpose of holding, in the least dilapidated of the chambers, the first session they had been able to command since the 18th of March. The address of M. Gilardin, alluding to the rehabilitation of justice and authority in the midst of ruin, was remarkably eloquent. As for the great Hall which was the scene of this legal *rentrée*, the Hall of Pas-Perdus, it has suffered from conflagration before, though apparently too solid in its architecture to fear the torch of the incendiary. Totally destroyed in 1817, it was rebuilt by Jacques Desbrosses. Afterward in 1810, again threatened by the flames, it escaped destruction. At present this noble chamber, seventy-three yards in length, has fallen in upon itself, and its lofty walls are open to the wind and rain, while the floor is broken in many places, so as to communicate with the old dungeons of the Concergerie.

The Orangery of Versailles, an inclosure associated with all that is smiling and festal in the palace fêtes, was the place where the insurgents captured in Paris were detained, to be afterward sent to Brest or Cherbourg. As for the chief's, they were examined at Paris by the Council of War. The prisoners were divided

into the *interessants*, the *compromis*, and the *dangereux*. The last were kept, in a thick crowd, in the right wing of the Orangery. The vault is rather dark. Posted against the tree-boxes and railings, the guards kept watch over the heaving mass of dangerous material. Beyond, in the shadow of the stone gallery, could be seen the uneasy crowd coming and going, staring at the visitor with wide eyes of fear or hate, or flinging themselves desperately upon the humid ground. The only relief to their horrible suspense was when new relays of prisoners, conducted from Paris by Chasseurs d'Afrique, were placed among them, after classification into the three grades named above. Then ensued conversation, recognition, and a renewal of those vows of eternal hatred to law and order which formed, for these abandoned creatures, their sole *esprit de corps*. After a short detention, the *dangereux* were marched to Satory for trial. If they showed the least disorder on the road they were shot without mercy, in the spirit of vengeance and cruelty which is the foulest stain upon the re-established Republic.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

GAMBETTA has taken his seat in the French Assembly.

"TAD" LINCOLN is very ill, in Chicago, of drowsiness, and his recovery is doubtful.

BARON EMILE ERLANGER is spoken of as the future German Consul-General at Paris.

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, who has been seriously ill at Carbondale, Ill., is recovering.

SEÑOR MORET's resignation as Minister of Finance has been accepted by the King of Spain, and Señor Sagasta assigned to the position.

MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY's son is a University professor in Heidelberg, and one of the most prolific writers for the magazines of his country.

JOHN BULL begins to find fault with Lord Napier, of Magdala, for his profuse expenditure in India, and the Colonial papers are waging bitter warfare for and against the Abyssinian hero.

M. PAUVI is going to hunt up a little North Pole of his own, in the blue Arctic Ocean, far off and alone, in an india-rubber boat, which can be packed in a four barrel, and will carry 10,000 pounds.

THE Bavarian Courier states the Pope has said to several German priests, congratulating him on his jubilee, with regard to Dr. Döllinger: "Tell him that I still love him, and continue to pray for him!"

MISS SUSAN ANTHONY injudiciously attempted to say something in favor of Laura Fair, the murderer, at a meeting in San Francisco, on Tuesday week. She was greeted with a storm of hisses, and changed the subject.

HON. RICHARD C. MCCORMICK, delegate in Congress from Arizona, who has been confined to his room for several weeks at the residence of his mother, in Jamaica, L. I., is slowly recovering. He has, however, lost the sight of his left eye entirely.

THE descendants, or representatives, of William Penn, the founder of the State of Pennsylvania, are to this day receiving from the British Government an annual pension of \$20,000, and are entitled to continue to receive it to the end of time.

MR. WILLIAM THOW inscribes his name to a donation of \$100,000 to the Western University of Pennsylvania, and thus the heretofore unheard-of name of "Thow" takes its place among the promoters of education in America, a benefactor of his race.

KINGLAKE is unspeakably complacent over the ill-fortune of his old enemy, the Emperor Napoleon, and has made himself dreaded in every club in London with the intolerable—"I told you so!" He is working diligently on the concluding volume of his voluminous tirade on the Crimean campaign.

LIEUTENANT HENRY C. COCHRANE, of the United States Marine Corps, arrived in this city July 14th, on his return home from a three-years' cruise in the Pacific, with one of the largest collections of Polynesian curiosities that have reached the United States since the return of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition.

MR. W. W. THOMAS, JR., the Maine Commissioner of Immigration, has been presented by a Swede with a watch, triangular in form, having the dial near the vertex of one of the angles. By looking through an aperture in the dial, the day of the month is ascertained, and beneath the dial is an arrangement which shows the day of the week.

THE Earl of Kingston died on the 21st ult., at the early age of thirty-nine years. There has been of late a singularly rapid mortality in the holders of the peerage of Kingston, Robert, the fourth earl, having died in 1867; James, the fifth earl, in September, 1869; and Robert, sixth earl, the father of the peer now deceased, in the October of the same year.

THERE was considerable excitement, on Saturday week, at a foot-race between John Scholes, the champion "Snow-Shoer" of Canada, and "Keronow," the celebrated Indian runner, the Indian giving Scholes seventy-five yards' start. Scholes beat the Indian. The distance given is one mile. Time, 4 minutes 44 seconds. The opinion was very freely expressed that the Indian did not do his best.

THE new California poet, Joaquin Miller, won the favor of the British critics by this modest phrase introducing his new volume: "The City of Mexico was my Mecca, and San Francisco to a marvel of magnificence and civilization. This last Summer I crossed the Rocky Mountains, and for the first time saw New York; a great place for cheap books, and a big den of small thieves."

THE remains of the late Mr. George Grote were deposited with all due honor in Westminster Abbey, on the 24th ult. The site chosen for the grave was at the entrance to "Poets' Corner," near the monuments of Camden, David Garrick, and Isaac Casanova. The pall was borne by Lords Granville, Overstone, Romilly, Stanhope, and Belper, the Master of Balliol College (Dr. Jowett), Mr. John Stuart Mill, and Mr. Lowe, M. P.

GENERAL EWELL, late of the rebel army, has beaten his sword into a plowshare and his spear into a pruning-hook. He owns 3,900 acres of land in Maury County, Tenn., 1,200 of which are under cultivation. He has 1,200 sheep, Southdowns, Cotswolds, and half-breds; also 400 head of cattle. He works a dairy with 50 cows, averaging each a pound of butter per day. His entire butter produce is absorbed by a single customer, a large hotel.

GENERAL CAVADA, the insurgent leader in Cuba, who was arrested a few weeks ago, and in whose behalf General Grant was asked to intercede, was executed, at Puerto Principe, on July 1st. Before his death, he wrote letters to several other insurgent leaders, urging them to surrender to the Government as the only means of saving a useless slaughter of innocent people in future.

WE have a neat saying of Jules Mirès, the French adventurer and banker, just deceased. When Cardinal Antonelli summoned him to his closet, in order to transact some financial business on the part of His Holiness the Pope, Mirès, patting familiarly and rather rudely, the Cardinal's round belly, asked, "How went that other Eminence?" Mirès was not even allowed even to sit down—so says the legend—and was politely remanded to another day, which never came.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



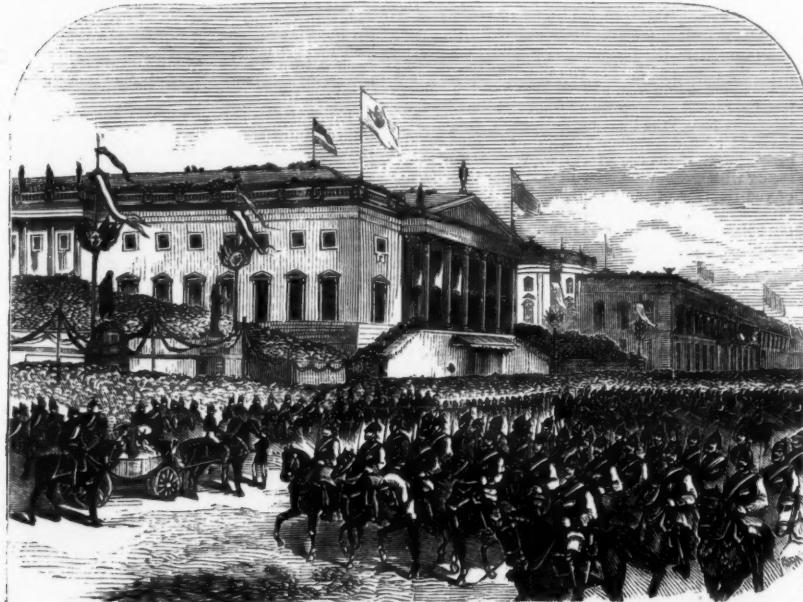
GERMANY.—THE EMPEROR UNVEILING THE STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III., AT BERLIN, DURING THE GREAT PAGEANT OF JUNE 16TH.



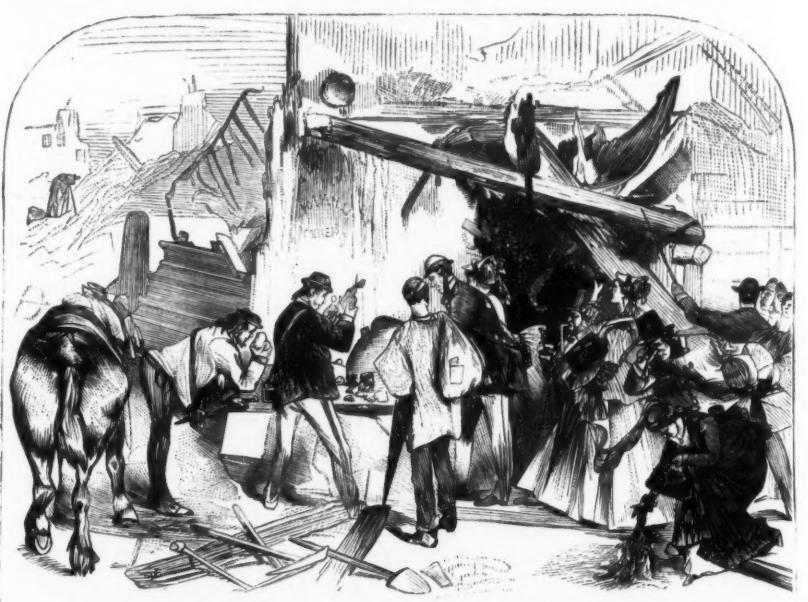
PARIS.—CLOSE OF THE INSURRECTION, MAY 27TH—VINOY'S FORCES DRIVING THE COMMUNISTS FROM THEIR LAST POSITION IN THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.



GERMANY.—THE PAGEANT OF JUNE 16TH.—STATUES COMMEMORATING THE VICTORIES OF SÉDAN, STRASBOURG AND METZ.



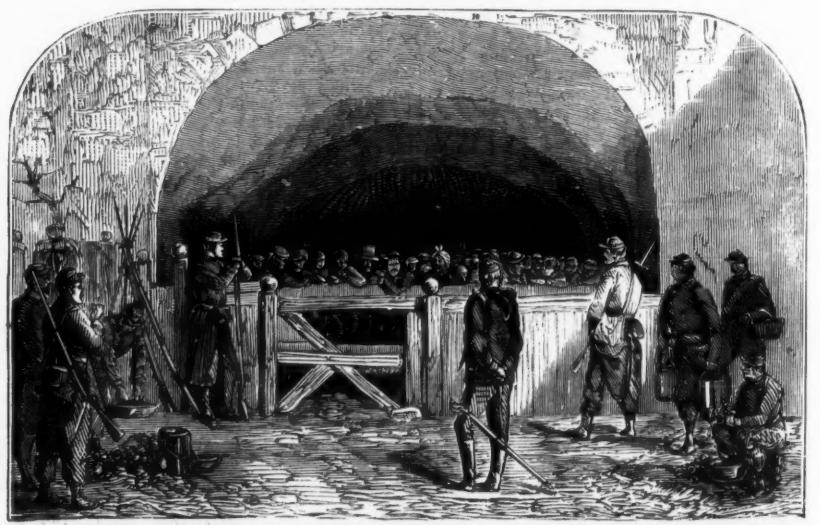
GERMANY.—THE PAGEANT OF JUNE 16TH—REVIEW OF TROOPS BY THE EMPEROR IN THE OPERA-PLACE.



PARIS.—ENGLISH TOURISTS "DOING" THE RUINS, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. COOK, THE ORGANIZER OF THE EXCURSIONS.



PARIS.—THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT OF APPEAL MARCHING THROUGH THE RUINED HALL OF PAS-PERDU TO RE-OPEN THE COURTS IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, JUNE 5TH.



VERSAILLES.—COMMUNIST PRISONERS, OF THE CLASS CALLED "DANGEROUS," UNDER GUARD IN THE ORANGERY.



ON THE BEACH.

LINES BY A PRIVATE TUTOR.

WHEN the youthful Madison Edward
Has reluctantly gone bedward
(He's the urchin I am privileged to teach),
From my left-hand waistcoat pocket
I extract a battered locket
And I commune with it, walking on the beach.

I had often yearned for something
That would love me, even a dumb thing;
But such happiness seemed always out of reach:
Little boys are off like arrows,
With their little spades and barrows,
When they see me bearing down upon the beach.

So at last I bought this trinket.
For (although I love to think it)
Twa'sn't given me, with a pretty little speech!
No; I bought it of a peddler,
Brown and wizened as a melder
Who was hawking beads and shells about the beach.

But I've managed—very nearly,
To believe that I was dearly
Loved by somebody, who (blushing like a peach)

Flung it o'er me, saying "Wear it
For my sake;" and, I declare, it

Seldom strikes me that I bought it on the beach.

I can see myself revealing
Unsuspected depths of feeling,
As in tones that half upbraid and half beseech,
I aver with what delight I
Would give anything—my right eye—
For a souvenir of our stroll upon the beach.

I depict her—ah, how charming!
I portray myself alarming
Her by swearing I would "mount the deadly
breach,"

Or engage in any scrimmage
For a glimpse of her sweet image,
Or her shadow, or her footprint on the beach.

And I'm ever, ever seeing
My imaginary being;
And I'd rather that my marrowbones should
bleach
In the winds, than that a cruel
Fate should snatch from me the jewel
Which I bought for half a dollar on the beach.

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—THE DANCE AT THE RECTORY.

THE night of the Mitchells' party was a great night in Treverton.

About eight o'clock tremendous cheering, which commenced at the railway-station, where a small crowd of his tenants and dependents awaited him, announced that Sir Edward Maskleyne had arrived. Gertrude Maskleyne, busily engaged before her toilet-glass in putting a refractory rose with a very stiff stem in an easy and graceful position between the fillets which bound her thick curly masses of dark auburn hair, heard the cheering, and responded to it by a few quick throbs of the heart.

"They're come!" she called out to Bessie, whose room adjoined her own. "What do they feel just at this moment? Are they wondering what we are like as intensely as I'm wondering what they are like?"

"I didn't know you had such an intense curiosity about the old lady's personal appearance," Bessie called, in response.

"Tell me if you can see anything from your end window," Gertrude continued, without taking any notice of her sister's remark—"they must pass along the street. Oh, dear! I wish Aunt Louisa and her troop had not spread themselves over the front rooms! Probably they are all peering out, but they would pretend to be shocked if I did it."

"They will hear you if you scream so," Bessie said; "besides, we shall be late if you don't finish dressing yourself. Barker is to come for us at a quarter to nine."

Barker was the flyman, and his services were in great requisition on the rare occasions of a dancing party in Treverton, as the magnates of the place, one and all, objected to their own carriages and horses being had out at night in the Winter; and the magnates' coachmen had equal if not stronger objections to their being had out at night in the Summer.

"Have you seen Louisa's dress?" Gertrude asked, coming into her sister's room, with her toilet completed to her satisfaction at last—"it's black, with a greenish blue-like fringe. No; I'm not ill-natured Bessie—I'm goaded into saying things. Did you hear her hypocritical congratulations to us all on the delightful acquisition to our society Sir Edward and Lady Maskleyne are likely to be? Guy looked as if he could have given her a good slap—and I liked him for it. It wouldn't have annoyed me so much if I hadn't seen that it annoyed mamma. Do you notice, Bessie, how any allusion now to Lady Maskleyne affects mamma? What can it be?"

"I don't think that we ought to try to find out more than mamma feels inclined to tell us," Bessie said.

"No. That is all right in theory, and I quite agree with you; but I get carried out of my good resolutions every now and then, and do try to find out much more than mamma feels inclined to tell us. Ah me! it shows what a little uneventful place Treverton is, and what

uneventful little lives we lead in it, that we take such a wild interest in people who probably won't concern themselves at all about us." "Leave off philosophizing, dear, and go down. Papa is calling."

"I won't go with the first detachment," Gertrude said. "Aunt Louisa and Loo would be safe to say something on the way that would make our shades too red all the evening. I'll wait and go with papa and Guy and Carry—I can tackle her."

Now it happened that, through this avoidance of a minor evil, Gertrude brought upon herself a trial of far greater magnitude.

Barker's fly was a capacious vehicle, and when the two matrons of the party and the eldest daughter were safely seated in it, Caroline Oliver announced her belief that there was room for her, and followed up the expression of that belief by stepping in and balancing herself on portions of the quartette. As they drove off down the street in the direction of the Mitchells' house, which was situated midway between Treverton and Colton Towers, it occurred to Mr. Maskleyne that it would be far pleasanter to walk than to be driven. Accordingly he walked on, utterly unmindful of his youngest daughter and his nephew, Guy Oliver.

So it came to pass that when the fly came back for the "rest of the party," the rest of the party consisted only of Gertrude and young Oliver.

The girl was absolutely without feeling of any kind on the matter.

"Oh, are they all gone but you, Guy?" she said, carelessly, as she came downstairs; and he grew paler than was becoming to his almost colorless hair and eyes, as he watched her and answered:

"Yes. Will you trust yourself with me?"

"To be sure I will," she answered, smiling indifferently, as she ran down the steps; and then she stepped into the carriage, leaned forward with her elbow on the frame of the open window, and gave herself up to thinking of Colton Towers and those who were come home to it at last.

The airy-looking, clear white dress billowing about her, the soft folds of the white cashmere cloak wrapped around her throat, the luscious fragrance of the bouquet she carried, in which the perfume of stephanitis and roses mingled, all united to throw an air of greater grace and beauty than usual about her—all conspired to make him love and admire her more than ever.

And he had loved and admired her ever since he had known her, and he had known her since he had been a little boy, with ginger-colored sparse locks hanging elf-like about him, and pale, peevish eyes, that always looked void of lustre by reason of his face being pale. He had confided this passion of love and admiration which filled his breast to her mother, but to no other human being, and kind Mrs. Maskleyne had bidden him wait and not "hope," but be patient!

Now this evening, looking at her in her daintily decked-out beauty, and feeling that in a short time other men's eyes would be as much gratified at it as his were, he felt that he could not be patient any longer. He reminded himself, by way of raising his courage, of all he could offer her—the good, comfortable, substantial home, the certain income, the wealth of love! These were great things, truly; the young man estimated them at their full value. Still, he could not blind himself to the truth that other men might soon appear who would be ready to offer as much or more to the possessor of so fair a face and so winning a grace. He would put it to the touch, and win or lose it all, before those other men appeared. He would not be held in the chains of her mother's prudence any longer. Already they were well on their way to the Mitchells', but when did a man of this type show taste or tact in an adventure of this sort? He designed to make his meaning plain in a few words, and these could be uttered in a few moments. So he dragged her attention away from Colton Towers and its inhabitants abruptly by saying:

"Gertrude, you must have had a very good idea of the state of my feelings about you all this time, and perhaps you have wondered that I have kept silence so long?"

"The state of your feelings!" she exclaimed, turning round upon him in a spasm of amazement that almost startled him out of the self-complacent mood in which he had commenced making his offer—"the state of your feelings! I never gave them a thought."

He winced. Little sensitive as he was, this plain annunciation of the truth was a blow to such sensitiveness as he did possess. Since she had been blind to the state of his feelings during all this period of patience, her mother's counsel had been weak and faulty. Waiting was proved useless; he would wait no longer.

"I had hoped that you were aware that for years I have looked forward to the hope of one day claiming you as my wife—"

"As your wife!" she exclaimed, ruthlessly interrupting him in what he flattered himself was rather an eloquent exposition of his feelings.

"As my wife," he repeated, calmly. "You surely are not going to tell me that you are surprised at this, dear Gertrude."

"I am surprised—more than surprised—annoyed that you should have been so mean!" she said, angrily. Then she softened suddenly, and added: "Oh, Guy! how could you be so unkind, when I have always been such friends with you?—when I have even told you that I liked you better than I did any of the rest? Now, if you don't say another word, I will forgive you," she added, imperiously, as the fly drove up to the Mitchells' house. "Oh, I am so glad we are here!" and the fly drawing up at the moment, Miss Gertrude Maskleyne opened the door herself, and, gathering her drapery around her, sprang down before the step could be lowered, and swiftly ran into the house. In another minute she was by her mother's side, in the little room that was metamorphosed into a temple of tea and coffee for

that night only; and Mrs. Maskleyne was shrewdly conjecturing that her nephew Guy had burst the bonds of silence which she had imposed upon him.

"Well, Gertrude, are you sorry you didn't brave the crush and come with me?" Mrs. Maskleyne asked, smiling; but before Gertrude could frame a reply that should be both truthful and discreet—before she could do this, Mr. Mitchell, their host, came into the room.

For the last thirty years Mr. Mitchell had been Rector of Treverton, and during those years he had won the people unto himself as well as unto the cause he preached. It might well have been written of him:

"He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
And when by dint of page and line,
He established truth or shattered error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep
And dreamed of eating pork to-morrow.

"His sermons never said nor showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road,
From Jerome or from Athanasius;
And sure righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood, And some who did not understand them.

"And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut, or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homely pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild,
And when his hand unbared the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter."

He came in now with a genial, kindly apology to those of his guests who were in the tea-room, for not having been there before to share his wife's reception of them. "But, the fact is," he went on, "that I went over to the Towers to give Lady Maskleyne and her son a welcome, and finding that my old friend has not come down, I have persuaded Sir Edward to exchange his solitude for our society to-night."

"Is he here?" Mrs. Maskleyne asked, with an anxiety that was fully shared by her silent daughter Gertrude.

"He has not come yet—he had not dined when I left; a fine young fellow he seems, quite worthy of his name. By-the-way," the old gentleman continued, "I made the same remark to him about certain young friends of mine, one of whom hasn't condescended to speak to me yet."

"I really beg your pardon, Mr. Mitchell," Gertrude said, hastily, "but the truth is, your first words took my breath away. I have been thinking so much about—" she stopped abruptly, feeling, for the first time in her life, that candor might not be the better part just now. She had been thinking much of Sir Edward Maskleyne that day; but, as she was to see him so soon, it would be as well, perhaps, to preserve silence on the point.

"Lady Maskleyne has not come down?" Mrs. Maskleyne added, and it seemed to Gertrude that her mother breathed a sigh of relief when Mr. Mitchell said, "No; she is detained in town by a friend, for a week or two."

"Have you told my husband?"

"I have not seen him yet; if you have finished your coffee, we will convey this young lady into the dancing-room, Mrs. Maskleyne; our dancing days are over, but, 'because we are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?' Come, Gertrude, go and set the rival claims at rest for the first dance at least."

The Mitchells had no children of their own. No sons to guard from a guerrilla warfare of girls. No daughters to get off. Nevertheless they were quite alive to the fact that "young blood will have its course," and no people in the neighborhood labored more strenuously to make hilarious young blood course legitimately in the right direction. As far as lay in their power they caused the young people that came under their jurisdiction to look in right places for their pleasures and excitements and flirtations. "Every Jack will have his Jill, and if we don't bring the right Jacks and Jills together, it's only human nature that, in their anxiety to pair, they should sometimes pair badly" was the excuse the Mitchells offered to the very few who were censorious enough to blame them for their frequent festivities. These being the views, it was only natural that in their rooms, which were not of palatial proportions, the youths and maidens should predominate largely over the old men and matrons of the neighborhood. But Mr. and Mrs. Maskleyne did not come under the latter category yet, and so were always to be found even at less formal parties than this one now assembled at the Rectory.

A light cloud of dust, such as will arise in the most scrupulously-brushed, carpeted room, dimmed Gertrude's vision for a moment as she entered with her mother and Mr. Mitchell. The next moment she saw that, in the quadrille which was in course of performance, her sister Beadle had Charles Roper for a partner, and that the Olivers were more or less provided for. So far all was satisfactory, but there was no stranger present of sufficiently illustrious appearance to be deemed worthy of being her cousin Sir Edward Maskleyne.

Not that Gertrude was idle enough to suppose that he would be handsome and distinguished-looking because he was Sir Edward Maskleyne of Colton Towers. But she was justified in expecting him to be these things because she and her sister were so, and because tradition asserted that, in being so, they were only reproductions of a long line of ancestors. There was no reason for supposing that he, the head of the house, should be the only ill-favored one of it, unless his mother had come across and marred the breed? This idea Gertrude dismissed contemptuously. Lady Maskleyne must be a splendid, queenlike woman, with a strong will of her own. And it was probably these attributes, her splendor and her queenliness, and her strength of will, which had created the ill-blood which had

long existed between the lady and Gertrude's parents.

"You will dance the next quadrille with me, won't you, Gertrude?" a voice that was aggressively forgiving and so horribly offensive said in her ear. She had hoped that the scene in the fly would have wrought this good for her: that she would be freed from Guy and his importunities for that night at least. But Guy was deficient in the one quality which young womanhood prizes above comfortable homes and well-tiled fields; he had no tact. "He will go on blundering about it as if I had never spoken," Gertrude thought angrily, and a more brilliant color rose into her cheeks, and a more consuming fire flashed out from her great gray eyes. "I am always engaged for the first quadrille," she said, pouting, "and besides, it's such bad taste for relations always to be dancing together." To his misery he could not help seeing that she did not want him to be near her—did not want to hear his voice—did not want to see the love that lived in his pale eyes, that were meaningless when they were not looking at her. To his greater misery, he knew that, seeing all this, being fully conscious of her indifference, or worse than indifference—aversion to him, he could not help going on loving her—going on longing to be near her—"going on boring her," to put it in such plain language as she would be likely to use herself about it.

"The first quadrille—the one you're always engaged for, is over," he could not help protesting. And then all in a moment a vision of how she had been accustomed to rule supreme over him from their little childhood rose to his mind. He had always worn his heart upon his sleeve, and she had always refused to see it, and had treated his affection for her as a thing of which she had no conception. Hope told him that this bearing of hers was maiden modesty, feminine caprice, but he feared Hope had told a lie, when she flamed round upon him with the remark that it was "such bad taste for relations to be always dancing together."

Before the ringing echo of her clearly uttered words had died away she was glancing round eagerly—forgetful of Guy—in answer to Mr. Mitchell.

"Gertrude, my dear, I see you have no partner; let me introduce one to you—your cousin, Sir Edward Maskleyne;" and she had smiled assent and her hand was on his arm before the brilliant color and the light called into her eyes by Guy's persistency had faded one shade or degree.

"I am not in very good order for waltzing, though I have just come from the home of it, Vienna," he began, as he swung her round after the preliminary oblique career across the room.

"Are you just from Vienna?" she asked, trying hard to speak more in time with the waltz's strain than in unison with her own beating heart.

"Yes; my mother's old friend, Mr. Mitchell, has been mine, indeed, to-night, in bringing me here; shall we stop? You must take me to your father as soon as you can, in order that the proper footing of relationship may be established without delay."

She ventured to look up at him as he said this. He was not much taller than herself, but his head was set on in a certain way that gave him height. "Not much like the Maskleynes," was her first thought, as she glanced at his thin, aquiline-featured face, and met the light of eyes that were glittering and bright as steel; "hardly a handsome man," she thought, disappointedly, "and he looks so much older than we do."

"How odd it seems that I should be going to introduce his own nephew to papa," she said presently, pulling up abruptly in a most successful series of back steps, as she caught sight of her father; "there he is; come!" And Sir Edward Maskleyne went with her.

Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Maskleyne were speaking together as the young pair, whose evolutions we have been following, came up. "He is most anxious to know you," Mr. Mitchell was saying, and almost at the same moment Gertrude exclaimed:

"Papa, let me—I hardly know how to do it properly, because you ought to be the one to introduce him to me: this is Sir Edward Maskleyne—my father."

There had been a tremor of laughter in the girl's voice as she commenced her speech; but, suddenly, she had sobered down, and become dignified in gesture and manner, as only a well-bred girl, feeling herself betrayed by high spirits and happiness, can sober suddenly. There were a few moments of repose for her, as her father and Sir Edward shook hands, and the elder man congratulated the younger one on the expiration of that term of self-banishment which had kept the family away from Colton Towers so long.

Then a brief pause fell, and Mr. Maskleyne said:

"Your mother is not with you, I hear?"

"She follows me next week."

"Come and see my wife," Mr. Maskleyne said, turning toward a corner of the room where Mrs. Maskleyne, conspicuous by her dainty dress and her delicate, matronly beauty, sat enthroned amongst the other country ladies.

"I dare not lose sight of my partner," Sir Edward said, offering his arm to Gertrude.

Then they followed Mr. Maskleyne, and burst upon Mrs. Maskleyne's vision for the first time together, with Gertrude's hand lightly on his arm, and Gertrude's face beaming with an excited happiness that had never beamed in it before.

Mrs. Maskleyne was ordinarily the most self-possessed, as she was the merriest-hearted of women. But on this occasion, when the star of the Maskleynes was decidedly in the ascendant, Mrs. Maskleyne was not at all self-possessed. Her color went and came like a young girl's. Her eyes roved restlessly from her husband's face to the face of the young relation he was so proudly introducing to her. Her

hand shook as she extended it, and some tone in her voice contradicted the words in which she told Sir Edward that she "was very glad to know him—very glad that he had come back to a place that she hoped, in time, would be as dear to him as it was to her husband." All this was said with a tremble and a quiver of laughter that was not in the least degree mirthful, and that "was as unlike my mother as anything could possibly be," Gertrude said, in relating the scene to her sister afterward.

"Yes, it's like breaking strange ground to me to come to the old Towers," Sir Edward said. "That is novel and pleasant enough; but the novelty and pleasure of knowing you all, puts that in the shade."

Mrs. Maskleyne heaved an abrupt sigh—a sigh that plainly showed that she was gasping for breath.

"You will find more substantial pleasure in Colton Towers, I think," she said, with a *soucoup* of bitterness in her voice.

And then Sir Edward said, quietly, to Gertrude:

"We have lost one waltz. May I have the next?"

And even while she was agreeing to his proposition, that "other one" obtruded himself into the midst of that strange levee of mingled feelings which she was holding; that "other one"—that other cousin—about whom hung no romance of recent knowledge and long absence, and a good man, and foreign travel, and a peculiar appearance, and rank and wealth and place; that other cousin, who had cut the ground on which she had stood close to him from under her feet ruthlessly that night; that other cousin, who had wanted to be more than him, and in so doing had been less than kind. He crushed down upon her again with that same terrible request that she "would dance the next quadrille with him," which had roused her wrath just now. And she had to agree to it, and leave the charmed circle of which the stranger was the centre—the stranger about whom there were all manner of possibilities—she had to leave this, and to go off and perform a variety of steps that were hateful to her, to a variety of English airs, in the company of a man against whom her whole heart and being and taste were in fierce revolt.

"I saw you waltzing with the new cousin," Guy said, in the moderate accents that she was fast learning to hate. "So you must have got over your objections to relations dancing together! Come, Gertrude—they're forming a quadrille!"

"They must form it without me!" Gertrude said; and then she felt ashamed of herself. "Really, Guy, I beg your pardon; but, of all things, a quadrille is the most obnoxious to me!"

"It must be as you please. You must be the one to determine!" he said, stiffly.

"Oh! don't speak in that way, throwing a serious air over it!" the girl said, in an annoyed tone. "I would rather dance than listen to you when you make much ado about nothing in this way!"

And then she let herself be led by him to a place at the side of the room where there was no possibility of catching a glimpse of her mother and Sir Edward—and the girl did long to know how the acquaintanceship between these two progressed.

"He does not look to her like a man who will ever settle down at Colton and do good to the people about him," Guy said, presently.

"Who doesn't look like a man to do all these things?" Gertrude asked, impatiently.

"I am speaking of Sir Edward Maskleyne. Louie is speaking to you, Gertrude."

Gertrude looked round with a shrinking sense that something which should be hurtful to her, and yet which she would have no right to resent, was about to be said to her. Louisa Oliver was sitting on a bench against the wall, just behind her.

"The Mitchells always manage their surprises well, don't they?" Miss Oliver whispered. "They had fireworks at their last Summer party, you know, and a most instructive magic lantern at their last Winter one; and now they have Sir Edward Maskleyne."

"The fireworks and magic lantern were meant for the amusement of the children," Gertrude said, quickly; "they were not meant for you—" She stopped, though it was on the tip of her tongue to add: "Any more than Sir Edward Maskleyne is!" But she restrained herself, and still there was no compunction shown to her.

"And Sir Edward Maskleyne is meant for my betters, you would like to tell me, only you dare not. I wonder you don't cultivate a more daring spirit, among your other Maskleyne attributes, my dear. You think hard things enough, only you haven't courage enough to say them. Take my advice; don't waste any more time on Guy to-night—you can have him at any time." The amiable Miss Oliver would not even spare her brother when her tongue was tipped with venom. "Make the most of the present opportunity, for there is a little park-phaeton comes down that looks like a bride soon to follow, people say."

All these remarks were made disjointedly, for the one on whose head they were poured could not stand still to listen to them uninterrupted. "I have forgiven you a good many things already, Guy," Gertrude said, reproachfully, when the square dance was over; "but if you ever let Louisa tease me in that way again, I shall have a righteous cause of offence against you."

"It is Louisa's greatest fault that she is so selfish," Guy said, complacently.

"Satirical!" Gertrude said, raising her head up and pouting her lip with a little gesture of disdain that did more to shake his belief in his sister's wit than volumes of eloquence could have done. "Do you call it being 'satirical' to utter surmises that make one blush?"

"She has an unpleasant aptitude for hitting

the right nail on the head," Guy said, apologetically.

"Has she?—Then so have not you," Gertrude said, making him relinquish her arm as she came to a vacant seat. "After all those unkind speeches she made to me just now, it is a little too much for you to defend her to me."

Gertrude, I will never let her say another word to annoy you, if you will only give me the right—" he was beginning; but Gertrude sprang up and almost ran away.

"I was looking for you," a voice said, as she was swiftly passing on. "Our waltz, you know?" and then she put her hand on Sir Edward's arm, and he took her away out of eye-shot of the Olivers for a few moments, into what had been the temple of tea, and was now the temple of lemonade and sugar; and she looked at him again, and saw what he was like more clearly than she had done before. He was not handsome and distinguished-looking, after the Maskleyne type, truly, but still he had a look of race and breeding and intellect about him that struck her pleasantly.

"We shall never feel ashamed of him," she thought; "even if he and his mother are not kin to us, we shall never be ashamed of him."

But at present there appeared to be no need to make these mental reservations. Sir Edward Maskleyne was as nice to her as she could desire—nicer than any man had ever been to her in her life before. And somehow it came to pass that she saw more of him than of any one else that night.

"I have a specialty for old ladies," he said to Gertrude, when they were returning from the supper-table, where he had been her partner; "let us go and sit down by your mother, and talk to her."

"We don't look upon mamma as an old lady yet," Gertrude said, with a laugh that sprang from greater gaiety of heart than she had believed it possible she could ever feel again while Guy had been striving to "enchant her ear."

"Ah!" he said; "I was thinking of her as one of my mother's generation."

(To be continued.)

THE ORANGE RIOT.

THE parade of Protestant Irishmen, under the name and style of Orangemen (to commemorate William III.'s repulse of the invasion of James II. on the banks of the Boyne, July 1st, O. S., 1690) took place in this city, July 12th, under circumstances that will make it historical. The popular mind, in watching the inception, passage and bloody termination of this "vain show," has gone through three stages of ideas, each defined with remarkable clearness. First, one of outrage, on learning that an immemorial privilege, that of street-parade, was about to be denied an inoffensive body by the city Ediles; second, a feeling of triumph worthy of the days of Magna Charta, on the tardy concession of that privilege in the case under question; and third, what was the most strongly marked and will be the most productive of all, a sort of American balance of utilities, and a firm persuasion that these hideous and noisy pageants are at the best a senseless, inconvenient and unconvinced way of testifying to a principle—and that the true liberty of the street is liberty for passengers and traffickers. The first great privilege granted, and the Orangemen defended in that transit which had been accorded to such a heterogeneous train of organizations, the public is about ready to claim its own rights, and insist that our enthusiasts, and above all our foreign enthusiasts, must confine their celebrations within their own proper halls and meeting-places. Protection, when necessary, can be much better afforded them there.

The conduct of the authorities, in the present case, argued a singular want of understanding between the City and State Governments. Late on Monday night Superintendent of Police Kelso, after consultation with the Mayor, issued his now famous order No. 57, forbidding the contemplated display, on the ground of inciting acrimonious feeling and inviting a rupture of the peace. The next day this was overridden by a proclamation of Governor Hoffman's, revoking the refusal and promising to protect the Orangemen in any peaceable demonstration. The proclamation of the New Jersey Governor, of similar tenor, preceded this action of our own State Government. The New York Irish Protestants were at once appeased.

Gideon Lodge of Orangemen had intended to join the procession of their brethren in Jersey City; but the proclamation of Governor Hoffman, promising them protection, led them to make a change in their programme. They met at their headquarters, on the northwest corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, early on Wednesday morning. They sent a communication to their brethren in Jersey City, declining their invitation to join in the procession over the river, and announcing that they would parade in this city. They applied to Governor Hoffman for protection, and received from him hearty assurances that they should have it to the utmost extent of the civil and military authorities. As an earnest of this protection, a strong force of police was immediately sent to their lodger-room. The military did not arrive there till afternoon. Meanwhile a highly excitable crowd had gathered about the building, which increased in numbers until it ran over into the adjacent streets, and extended down Eighth Avenue half a dozen blocks. The majority of the persons in this crowd were apparently Ribbonmen, who were evidently awaiting an opportunity to make an attack upon the procession when it should appear.

During the morning, large gangs of Irishmen—public laborers—had quit work in the upper part of the city, and, after making ineffectual attempts to seize the armory of the Sixty-ninth Regiment and the Fenian armory, drifted over to Eighth Avenue in squads of bloodthirsty ruffians, the most of them armed with revolvers, and awaited an opportunity for an attack.

THE ORDER OF MARCH.

The order of marching having been arranged, the commander of the Orangemen, M. J. Johnston, mounted his horse, conspicuous in the yellow trappings of his rank; the band struck up the Red, White and Blue, and the event for the accomplishment of which the honor and power of the Empire State were pledged began.

The Seventh Regiment, with their unsurpassed gallant and soldierly bearing, took the place of honor and, as was supposed, of danger at the van. Following them came a body of police, numbering say four hundred, and completely filling the street from curbstone to curbstone. Then came the little procession of Orangemen, numbering all told, not over one hundred and fifty strong. They were flanked on the west by the Twenty-second Regiment and on the east by the Eighty-fourth, marching by fours. These also were flanked on each side by mounted police with pistols in their hands. Then came the Sixth and Ninth Regiments marching with platoon front, and the rear was brought up by another powerful body of police. The little Orange band was thus completely environed and covered by a hollow phalanx of blue-coats and bayonets.

The procession moved about half-past two o'clock. Before the command to march had been given, paving-stones had been hurled among the troops, and it is said that one or two pistol-shots were fired by the mob. The police were continually driving back the crowding rioters, their services being almost unceasingly required for that purpose. When the column moved, stones were hurled upon the procession from the housetops along the Eighth Avenue, and chimneys were torn down to the roof, that their bricks might serve the assailants for missiles. The day was very hot. The National Guard steadily moved forward, paying but little attention to the shower of stones and bricks which was rained upon them. Finally pistol-shots were heard. At first it was difficult to tell where they came from. Apparently emboldened by the forbearance of the military, the Ribbonmen then made their appearance in third-story windows and on the housetops. They gathered in the alleys and fired upon the soldiers. They shot a little girl, wearing an orange dress, through the brain. At length Sergeant Paige, the favorite of the Ninth Regiment, was killed. As he fell to the pavement, with the blood gushing from his crushed skull, and his upturned face ghastly in the throes of death, his comrades, incensed beyond further endurance, and without immediate orders, but in pursuance of a general order, opened fire upon the mob. Other regiments also opened fire. Volleys of musketry were heard, preceded and followed by a rattling, scattering fire. The crowd broke wildly, and sought shelter in the houses and fled down the side-streets. The procession moved on to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner," and the street in their rear was covered with dead bodies. Two other attacks were made on the procession, which were repulsed by the police.

There was apparently no organization on the part of the mob. It seemed to have no leaders, but every Ribbonman went into the business of assassination on his own responsibility. There was only such union and concert of action among them as resulted from their common bloody purpose. When one of the members of the Ninth Regiment was killed, and his body carried into a drug-store, the Ribbonmen made desperate attempts to secure possession of the corpse for purposes of mutilation. If any wounded soldiers had been left upon the street, there is no doubt but they would have suffered the most horrible outrages at the hands of their barbarous assailants.

The procession, after traversing only a part of the route intended, made a short cut to their place of destination, in Fourth Avenue, near Cooper Institute, and there halted. The military masked the little band of Orangemen, who concealed their regalia, filed into No. 4 Fourth Avenue, made their way through an alley to another street, where there was no crowd, and disappeared from observation.

The number of killed will probably reach fifty, as many of the wounded must die. The number of those who were slain outright is thirty-seven. Probably over a hundred persons were wounded. The deaths of Sergeants Paige and Wyatt, of the Ninth, were especially lamentable.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN IN COUNCIL.

The agitation excited by Superintendent Kelso's order prohibiting the Orange parade culminated in Governor Hoffman making a decisive and rapid descent from Albany to New York on Tuesday night, July 11th, and calling a great council of authorities to his room at the Clarendon Hotel.

At this council were present, first, Governor John T. Hoffman; next, General McQuade, the Inspector-General of the State of New York. To him were put the chief questions concerning the distribution, condition, and management of the city militia. Chief Kelso attended the consultation, but left before the edict was drafted. Finally, Colonel Van Buren assisted at this council—a member of Governor Hoffman's staff. There was no talk of evading the emergency; on the contrary, everybody appeared to have that feeling of relief which follows a declared intention upon which there can be no further debate. They meant to maintain the law. About midnight the Governor's vigorous proclamation was prepared and sent out to the hands of the printers.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The artists and photographers of FRANK LESLIE'S establishment were promptly on the line of action, and succeeded in planting themselves where the most eventful incidents of the parade were taking place. To the skillful pencils of these draughtsmen, exercised upon the spot with that facility of art-reporting only attained after immense practice, are due the life-like views we present of the hasty and unskillful

fusillade on Eighth Avenue, the panic on the sidewalks, the ghastly accumulation of corpses, and minor incidents among the mob and spectators. These reliable tracings are Historic Art in her every-day robes.

TORPEDOS FOR DEFENSE.

THE use of torpedos for coast and harbor defense has ceased to be speculative. They have given us a mode of warfare of which the value is beyond doubt, for when we remember that in the case of the late French war, a hostile fleet of the most formidable character, consisting of some twenty iron-clads and rams, of exceedingly modern construction, has been completely paralyzed on the German coast, or at any rate rendered harmless by the presence of a well-organized defensive system of this kind, it is really difficult to overrate the importance of such protections.

NEWS BREVITIES.

ONE county in Iowa reports three men made insane by the excessive use of tobacco.

The West India telegraph cable has been laid as far as the Island of Martinique.

A LONDON jeweler has been five years at work upon a watch, and it will be worth \$16,000 when finished.

A RESTAURANT-KEEPER in Washington has been fined \$50 and costs for refusing whisky to a colored purchaser.

An eleven year old boy has walked from Kansas City to Houston, Texas—a little tramp of one thousand miles.

In the course of a year the pin factories in the United States, eight in number, produce 6,720,000 pins.

A PATCH of snow more than an acre in extent, and eight feet deep, can now be seen from the porch of the Glen House.

THE premium of \$200 per scalp offered in Sonora for the killing of Apache Indians has created quite a new trade in that frontier State.

BAAZ has returned to the capital in triumph, and the discomfited revolutionists talk of replacing Cabral with Pimental, a new candidate for fame.

THE divorce business is pretty brisk in Chicago just now. Last week there were a hundred and twenty-nine applications for marital separation.

A SEVEN-MILE panorama of the St. Lawrence was sold at an auction of unclaimed goods in Boston, last week, for \$500. It is said to have cost \$20,000.

A WOMAN at Sturgis, Mich., is reported to have died in twenty minutes after inhaling some smoke arising from the potato-bugs, which she was baking to death.

A CONVICT in the Windsor, Vt., State Prison has constructed, with a jack-knife, a box one foot in length, six inches wide, and five inches deep, composed of 28,000 pieces.

THERE is a well in Jackson County, Ind., which, at the depth of twenty-five feet, has a vein of water that filled the well, and has continued ever since to flow over the top.

A LEADING lecturer classifies his audience as follows: The "still-attentives," the "quick-respondives," the "hard-to-lifts," the "won't-applauds," and the "get-up-and-go-outs."

A QUARRY of marble has been discovered near Leeville, in Wilson County, Tenn., which is pronounced by Dr. Bradford, State Geologist of Tennessee, to be equal in durability to the finest Italian marble.

THE regular express peach-trains from Delaware have commenced to run. On Monday week the regular trains carried twenty car-loads of fruit—an unprecedentedly large shipment so early in the season.

THE losses by fire in the United States during 1870 are estimated to have been \$60,000,000; the marine losses, \$20,000,000; and the death claims actually paid by the life insurance companies were \$20,000,000.

THE French Government has released sixteen thousand of the Communist prisoners at Versailles, but has in custody sixteen thousand more, whom it will try in squads. The court-martial began on the 15th July.

LARGE deposits of meerschaum are reported to have been found in Patagonia. The principal sources of supply at present are Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor and Spain. The mineral is a hydrous silicate of magnesia, very porous, light and soft.

FARMERS in Wisconsin have engaged, to a very considerable extent, in tobacco-raising, the fields ranging in extent from the garden-patch to forty acres, with the majority from five to ten acres. So many children have been placed at work in the fields as to seriously affect the schools.

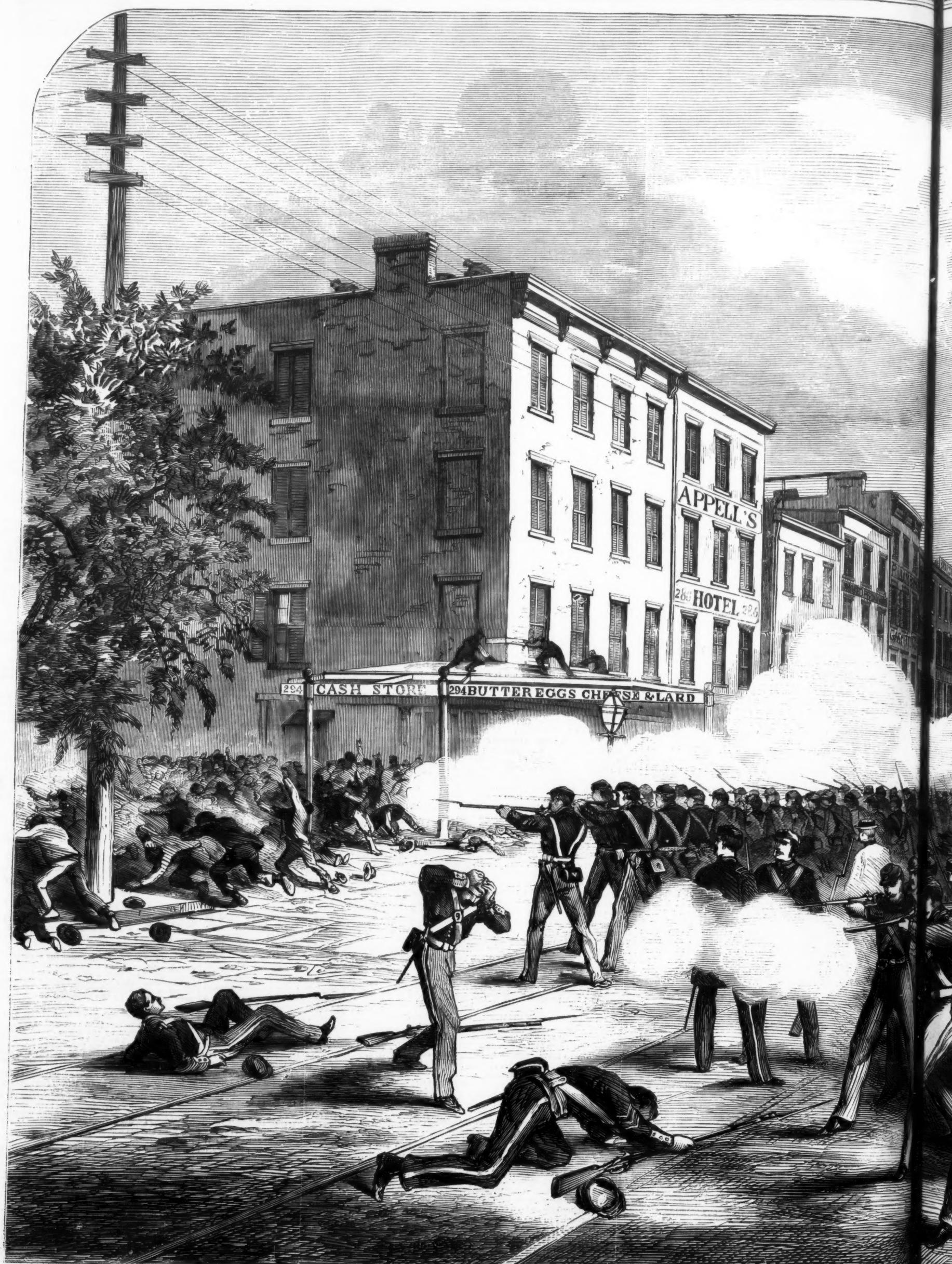
TROY has received an order for sixteen slabs of bell-metal, to weigh 100 pounds each, from some monks who have built a church on one of the peaks of the Andes. They have constructed a furnace, and intend to cast a bell from the metal after the slabs have been taken up the mountain on the backs of mules.

THE effects of the great tornado at Dayton, O., were more serious than supposed at first. Three people were killed by the falling of St. John's Lutheran Church. Two boys were taken out dead and horribly mangled from the Washington Street bridge. Many persons were injured in the city and vicinity. The spires of several of the churches were damaged.

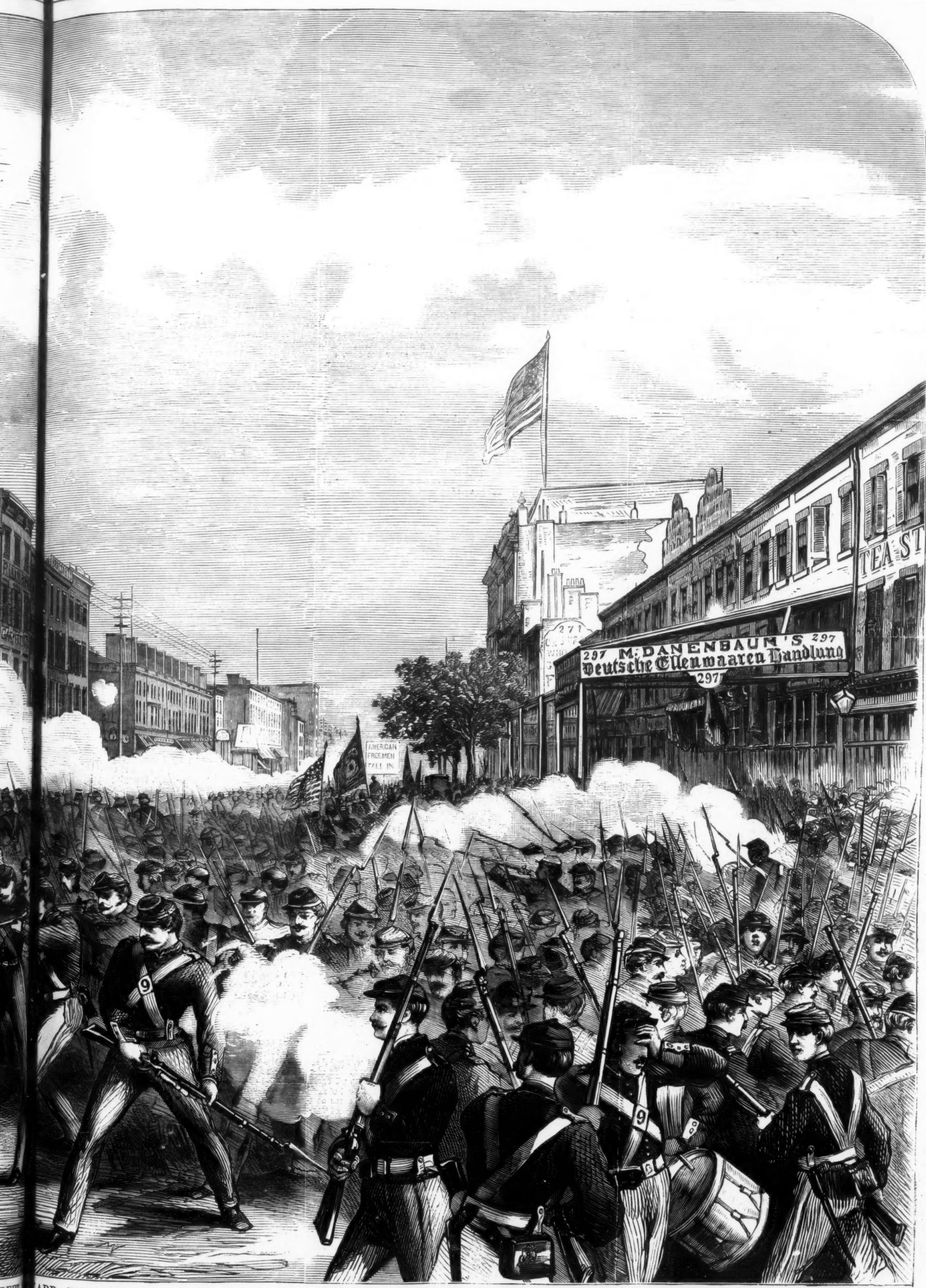
THE Walter Scott centenary celebration was opened at Edinburgh on the 16th of July. There were gathered there for exhibition the cradle in which the great novelist was rocked, the silver snuff-box used by him, Meg Dod's punch-bowl, the Queen's Body Guard suit he used to wear, the original MSS. of some of his works, and a large number of portraits of Scott and his family.

THE discovery of an ancient outlet to Lake Superior is mentioned by Professor Winchell, the Director of the State Geological Survey of Michigan, in his last report. It is a deep valley, bordered with high bluffs, and runs from Lake Superior to Green Bay, in Lake Michigan, suggesting the practicability of a ship canal along the same route, with a view to shortening the voyage between the ports of the two lakes.

"You may talk about your fine stock, fine houses, and all that sort of thing," says the Pleasant Hill (Mo.) Review, "but when we tell you that about eight miles from here there are 1,900 acres of corn in one inclosure, you may start in astonishment." This great cornfield belongs to Mr. Wallace Berry, who cultivates it with seventeen hands, seventeen cultivators and thirty-four mules. These get over 100 acres a day. Mr. Berry expects to gather 50 bushels per acre, which will make his crop nearly 100,000 bushels.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ORANGE RIOT OF JULY 12TH—VIEW ON EIGHTH AVENUE LOOKING FROM TWENTY-FIFTH STREET
WARD
FROM A SKETCH BY A. G. SE



REED THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE—DISPERSAL OF THE MOB BY THE NINTH, EIGHTY-FOURTH AND OTHER REGIMENTS.
SEE PAGE 327.

CUPID AT THE BOATING PARTY.

No ripple breaks upon the bay;
Our oars shall smite it into stars;
Our keel upturns the silvery way,
And lays our wake with sunlight bars.

Love orders all from stern to prow—
Each gallant boatman claims his fair;
Two maids shall help two swains to row,
And one shall help a swain to steer.

The bashful Jack shall take his turn
Ere the rude oar hath tamed his strength,
And force from Lucy at the stern
The blush that shows him blest at length.

Harry anon shall hold the ropes,
Whilst Fanny takes her sister's seat,
To list, well-pleased, the vows and hopes
He will a hundred times repeat.

And I the last, with quivering hand,
Toll-spent, will make yet bolder play;
The lips that faltered "yes" on land,
At sea shall, pouting, name the day.

SKETCHES FROM CHEF-DE-MARBRE.

NO. 4.—FESTIVALS—GUY FAWKES—ODDITIES
—CAPTAIN KIDD.

We lack holidays: "Fourth of July," Thanksgiving, Christmas, are but scant pauses in the whirl and tear of our high-pressure existence, and Washington's Birthday—alas! who regards it—and "Memorial Day!"—ah! that is too sad, too fresh in our memories, too hallowed, to be enrolled—in the present generation at least—as a holiday.

We will not enlarge on the question whether it would be better for us as a people to have more frequent recreations, as breathing-places in the race we are running, nor quote too pointedly the old saying, that "All work and no play makes Jack," etc.; but we will say that the ancient and respectable borough of Chef-de-Marbre counted amid its annual festivities and scenes of rejoicing three festivals which now, we believe, are of the past, and one of which was peculiarly its own.

The first two of these were "Fall Training" and the celebration of the old Colonial Election Day, called, I know not why, in the brusque vernacular of the place, "Nigger 'Lection," and the third, the observance of which had been brought from their mother islands (Jersey and Guernsey) by the earliest settlers, was Guy Fawkes's or, as it was called, "Pope's Day."

What "Fall Training" is, every one of middle age, and whose youth has been passed in the country, knows. Except that the young lads had formed a fine company of soldiers, with full uniform and drill, there was nothing peculiar in the celebration of the day at Chef-de-Marbre; and I remember but one incident connected with it. It was cherished long in our youthful annals, and held to be a memory equal to the achievements of our Revolutionary sires.

There had been feuds from time immemorial between the inhabitants of Chef-de-Marbre and the neighboring towns. Clanship reigned paramount in this indomitable little place, and touch one, you touched all. Rejoicing in our rocks, from which we took our name, and beholding which, the renowned Whitfield asked, "Where do you bury your dead?" a remark, by-the-way, which has always seemed to me (why not?—good men are not perfect!) a little coarse and unfeeling, we rather looked down upon our neighbors, yet were so thoroughly well-disposed toward them, that we were not only willing and ready to give them as good as they sent, but even a little more in the balance. Truly, we filled the measure with exceeding fullness.

On the occasion of which I speak, the field-day had been allotted to a town not very far distant, and, as usual, early in the morning the younger fry, in order to be in time for the parade, had started for the place of rendezvous. The only road of communication between the two places led over a narrow bridge near a group of romantic-looking buildings called "Dryman's Mills"—as pretty a spot when the tide was up as need be seen anywhere. But to us, on that fateful occasion, Thermopylae itself was not more terribly guarded; for at the further end stood a crowd of the "big boys" of the hostile settlement, disputing our passage and declaring that for us no Training-day should be. High School and Low School, with all the rag-tag of the streets, we shrank before that armed array, and feared that the spotless valor of our place was for ever lost. But hark! hush! Did the Pipes at Lucknow ever play so sweet a tune? and there, over the hill that rose behind us, glanced and gleamed the crimson uniforms, the glittering wooden muskets and paper plumes of the gallant—th of Chef-de-Marbre! Hurrah! hurrah! how they marshal! how they wheel! Oh! Gimini! And forming a hollow square, they swept us into their noble ranks and put to instant flight that ignominious rabble! Ah! what a victory that was! let it be for ever chronicled!

But of "Nigger 'Lection," I confess that the origin has been lost in the remotest shades. It took place at that time of the year when the first heats were coming on, when lilacs and peonies were in bloom, and was an occasion for the donning of Summer unmentionables and straw hats. I think no one knew any reason for keeping the day, but it was always kept—perhaps as a faint forerunner of the more glorious "Fourth," and from early morn till sundown the streets were thronged with children in their holiday-suits, clustering round the stands of gingerbread and pop-beer, gorging themselves with comfits, and festooning their hats and bonnets with long paper strings of red and white peppermints. The old folks themselves paid visits; and a famous

cake, called after the day, was passed round, and the scene before nightfall became one of great jollity and fun. The singularity of the affair was, however, that there were no members of the colored race to be seen on the premises. There was a strong antipathy to them throughout the place.

I can remember when one day a negro porter came over from a neighboring city to post bills for a concert about to take place there. He wore a metal badge around his hat, with the word "Porter" engraved on it. In a moment there was a cry of "Porter! Porter!" ringing through the streets, and the answering yell was "Rock him—rock him!" and the poor fellow took to his heels with a trail of ragged-breeched boys after him, like a crow in a covey of tom-tits. There was, however, at an earlier period than this, a decrepit old specimen of the race, who was supported by charity and was a great favorite among the townspeople. She had been a Virginian slave in her childhood, had been married four times, but had now settled down a good and well-beloved member of one of the village churches. She was very witty, and delighted in practical jokes. If any of her friends had the ear-ache, she would send them a lock of her wool, saying that "niggers' wool" was a cure for it. She was the delight of all the children. Happy was the household when she came to spend the day, for her tales of plantation life were endless, and she could keep her audience laughing by the hour.

A joke of hers at one time gave a little offence. She had complained that she had but half a—what shall we say?—shirt to her back! and the good ladies of some Sinner's Friend Society made her up immediately, and with much commiseration, a half-dozen of that truly indispensable article. She received the gift with much gratitude; but as the ladies were leaving, said, with a twinkle in her eye: "My dear, I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure; but I dunno as I'm much better off than before." The ladies, in surprise, demanded the reason.

"Why, leddies," she said, "is there any one of us who can wear at a time more than half a —to her back?"

It was a little while before they forgave the good old soul the joke. But what amused us the most of all, was to inquire the names of her husbands. She had had four, as I have mentioned. She could tell you the names of the first two and the last, but the third was too much for her! Puzzle her brain how she would, she could never recall him. She saw the joke was against her, and to turn it off she would generally say, "Well, I guess he wasn't much account, children, or I shouldn't ha' forgotten him."

Passing these festivals, which were shared by other places, we come to the one which was peculiarly its own, for we believe that nowhere throughout the Union, save at this old-fashioned town, was Guy Fawkes's Day ever observed. It was a true relic of their old English feelings and prejudices, though now among the things buried, never to be revived. I can recollect how the old folks used to sit by their chimney-corners, and sing the song:

"Oh, don't you remember
The Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder treason and plot?"

Only they used to give it:

"Oh, don't you remember
The Fifth of November,
When Gunpowder trees were in plot!"

An admirable specimen of oral tradition! But it was a lively day to us school-children; with a mingled terror and delight we awaited its coming. Early in the morning one peered from the window to see the havoc and mischief that had been committed the night before, for the town seemed to have become a pandemonium: signs were pulled down or set up on odd places, buildings removed, doors blocked, or even the old parish hearse wheeled out, in this universal upheaving of society, while hideous figures, with large white nightcaps, faces smeared with soot and grease, and long bean-poles in their hands, patrolled the streets, chasing the children as they ventured to school, or thundering against walls and windows to call attention to their antics. It was a day to bless one's self when it was over. "Pope's Day" it was called; there was no effigy ever carried about the streets, but this was the way in which it was celebrated—a most curious and, to this country, unique example of an old observance kept up long after its significance had been totally passed by and obliterated.

There were at this time many curious old people, original in all the transmitted ways and manners of their forefathers, whose memories are still cherished as heirlooms of fun and laughter in the place. I used to like to get Aunt Hetty to talk about them.

"Do you remember 'Pope's Day,' Aunt Hetty?" I would say.

"Yes, I do; but them days is bygone, Mr. Smilax."

"Thanks to massy they be," Aunt Penelope would say.

"I don't know about that, Penelope! They was good times, and good folks in 'em. To be sure, in them days we didn't go gaddin' about so much, or know so much about other folks's business; but the men were brave men, an' the women, too. They knew more about the sea, perhaps, than the land; but that was their okepation, and who'd a better right? There was old Cap'n Douse, when he come home, what must he do but have a garden and raise his own vegetables, an' so he planted a row o' beans; an' when they came up—tall forward, as beans will—what does he do but turn 'em t'other way and plant 'em over again. He wanted to improve Natur', you see, an' so lost his crop, for the beans knew better than the cap'n, and wouldn't grow any other way. They put about it in the papers, I heard, but it was true for all that the newspapers said so. And there was old Wickets, that lived down Barnygat way, him an' his sister. He kep' a little shop, an' sold putty an' paint an' lies, an' green

an' black tea, an'—do you believe it?—he went an' painted up on the jamb of his door, one side an' t'other, a big black T an' a green one—folks would know, he said, that he had ten to sell—an' that, too, got into the papers. What pesky creetur it is that does such things, I don't know; but he'd much better mind his own business, and let other folks's alone—that's my opinion. But Wickets was alleys good to poor folks—that I must say for him. Him an' his sister did a many kindly things, on'y they looked so much alike that you couldn't tell which of the two was a-doin' em. She wore a turban, with a long gown buttoned up to her throat; an' he wore a hat, an' a great mandarin buttoned up to his throat—so that it was hard to say whether it was her with the hat or him with the turban, for both on 'em had beards; but he left his money to orphans an' widders, for he had neither chick nor child, an' folks said that the town ought to ha' got him up a putty monument! An' why not, sir? Didn't we give a dinner to Andrher Jackson when he come to town? You don't remember that, do you? Why, it was a grand affair. They spread him a collation in 'Cademy Hall, an' for dessert they had a orange an' a strip o' salt codfish by each man's plate—it's a fac'! But we was talkin' about the old folks. There was Jake Smellers and Rob Stunley, good men at sea, but they didn't know cow from a row-boat. They'd jest come home from the Banks, you see, an' they seed what they thought was a cow driftin' about some o' the back alleys; so says Jake, "Let's have a drink o' milk." All right," says Rob. So they arter the cow, an' cornered her up finally by the old stage-house, where a lot o' wild young fellers was a-watchin' 'em. So Stunley, he held on to the critter behind, an' Smellers, he scrouched under to git at the milk, when all of a sudden up he jumped an' ketched hold o' Stunley. "Oh, Stunley!" he cries, while the fellers inside were all a snig-gerin'—oh, Heavings, Stunley, it is a ox! it is a ox! So, you see, he didn't know paint from varnish!

"Well, they were queer times; folks didn't hardly know their own names, for most everybody was called by one that didn't belong to him. There was Cap'n Flurry—as smart a man as ever stepped on shore—an' yet even he was nonplussed; it was over to Court, an' the cap'n was on for witness, an' when the clerk called him in his turn as Cap'n Florence—as was his name—there wasn't a soul to answer; there he sat, bolt upright, as the man was a callin' of him, an' not a word he said, till at length a sharp little lawyer got up an' says, "I'll call him for you, if you please." "Very well, sir," says the clerk; so the lawyer, he was full of fun, an' he puts his hand up to his mouth, as if it was a speakin'-trumpet, an' bawls out, "Skipper Flurry!" as loud as he could holler; "Ay, ay, sir!" says the skipper, an' a great laugh they had about it, that the man didn't know his own name."

"And that, too, auntie, I have seen in the papers."

"I dessay; an' I think you told me that somebody had writ some verves about leavin' those poor fellers on the wrack!"

"Yes; a great poet, I am sorry to say, has chosen it for the subject of his verse; but, for the credit of Chef-de-Marbre, I am glad that the tale can be contradicted; it was discovered when too late, that is, after his angry townsmen had visited their indignation upon him, that Mr. —— was innocent of any intentional cruelty; that, in fact, he could not do otherwise than he did; for his little boat would have been swamped in a moment had he approached the crowded vessel, and have brought destruction upon him and them, and cut off all hope, moreover, of his sending them assistance from land. The story, so hastily brought into town, enraged the hardy fishermen at a disgrace which they thought terrible. But they learned the truth afterward—let us be thankful for that."

"Yes!" sighed Aunt Hetty; "but it was a bright moonlight night—so bright, they said you might see a dollar on the sands, and the water off shore seemed all afame, an' krinkled when it broke on the rocks like buckets full o' dimonds. It was a awful shore in those days, down by Brown's Island an' Ringbolt Head, for where the town is now was all forest, an' so was the Neck, though you can scarce git a tree to grow there now-a-days; but old Madame Furness, she used to say she could remember when the Neck was full o' trees. So you see the present harbor, which they tell me is the deepest on the coast (if it wasn't for that pesky east wind) was almost like forrin parts. It was about the middle o' Spring, when all the men folks was off on the Banks, an' nobody but the women was left at home; old Cap'n Hilder he was off too. It was on'y the day before he'd set sail for Gibbery-alter."

"What for—a cargo of monkeys, aunty?"

"Lor' no, I never knew but one man as brought home monkeys, an' that was Cap'n Peter Markins—an' fine tricks he played with 'em. One day he come over to Danvile, where I was visitin' a cousin o' mine—Polly Riggs, who kept the tavern there—an' havin' no money with him, he axed Polly for his dinner. He had with him one of those long yaller dogs with short legs an' his tail curled over his back—Turnspits, we called 'em—an' he come an' sat down in the plazzer an' axed Polly for his dinner.

"But Polly wasn't in the mood, an' she beatred him soundly for a lazy feller, who would take the bread out of the mouth of a poor widder, who had no one to stand up for her (though I must say Polly didn't need it); well, he began coakin' round, an' finally he said that if she'd give him a meal's vittles he'd show her the prettiest little monkey she ever did see, an' give it to her to boot."

"So Polly agreed, an' after he'd eat a most tremenjous dinner, he whistled to his dog, an' up it jumped on to his knee. 'Here, mum,' he said to Polly—'here's yer little monkey, an' yer welcome to it.' An' he bust out into a great guffaw. Polly was mad enough. 'Monkey, you scamp!' says she; 'that ain't no monkey! it's nothin' but a nasty yaller puppy-dog!'

"Miss Riggs," said Peter, laughin', "you may call it a puppy-dog if you wants to, but I calls it a monkey!" an' off he went.

"Well, but I was tellin' ye about Cap'n Kidd an' the Screechin' Woman, on'y I alleles runs off onto other things. I used to hear, as I telld ye, the young men a hoopin' an' screechin' under the little plank bridge in the middle of New Lane, when I was nussin' Hanner; an' so they kep' up the story in folks's minds, for it was enough to raise the hair off your head to hear 'em; an' actilly the old men an' women, those that kep' up the old times—I remember what toggery they used to wear; there was

stant turmoll an' fright. If it wasn't one thing, it was another. They was full of their tricks. Sometimes they'd make folks think that all the buglers from Blubbertown had come down on us, and the folks would find matches and lanterns, an' crowbars, an' sakes-alive knows what, in their cellars, till everybody thought they was goin' to be murdered alive in their beds. Another time there was the dreadful letters dropped round the streets. Chef-de-Marbre was to be burnt all up, hide an' hair, every one of us; not a soul was to be spared! Lor! what a time that was! Nobody stopped to think how unnatural it was that these blood-thirsty villains should let on what they was about; but a meetin' was called at the town's, an' the selectmen an' all the gentlemen formed a committee, an' made rules an' regulations of defense, an' a guard was stationed an' a patrol draw'd out to walk the streets, an' nobody was allowed to be out arter nine o'clock without a permit, under fear of bein' put in the lock-up. It was times in the Jarsies, I tell you I an' all this fight and trouble for a pack o' good-for-nothin' young men, that was a laughin' at us in their sleeves all the time! Then, that wasn't enough, but one of 'em must dress up for a crazy woman, and scare people out of what little wits they had left. A big, tall woman in white used to rush out of the dark alley-ways with a bean-pole in her hand, and chase the folks up and down the streets, till every door in the village was barricaded, as if the Britishers was a comin', or we was in the midst of an Injin massacre.

"An' so they kep' it up. Many a night have I heard them hollerin' under the 'Screechin' Woman's' Bridge there, down by New Lane, as they call it. I was out nussin' then—dry-nussin', Mr. Smilax, bein' a maiden lady as has no children—an' was takin' care of Hanner Larkins, who was down with the lumberjack; she as was Shandy Cowden's darter, whose wife went out soap-blin', an' was the humbliest woman in the town; they lived down by Nallen's mash then, an' owned a poll-parrot that everybody went to see. Why, the critter could talk like a born Christian; he'd stop old Dryman's cart whenever it passed by, tho' for all that the poor hoss was on'y too glad of the chance, for it was on'y his old ropes and tackle that kept him up. Well, one day we missed him—Polly, I mean—an' Hanner she went out (for she was gettin' spry again) an' holler, 'Polly, where be ye?' and Polly answered, 'Here I be, Miss Larkins, out in this tall high grass!'

"A wonderful bird," said I; "but about the Screechin' Woman, auntie; what was it?"

"Oh, that was in old times; my great-great-grandmother, she seed it; an' my own grannie has told me about it a hundred times. It was in the first settlement days, when there was on'y a few houses scattered round by Pierce's Pint, down below what they called afterward Fort Washington. It was Captain Kidd, you know, an' his wickedness. He was a sailin' round the coasts then, hidin' his pots o' money; and folks was keepin' a good lookout on him, for all they were scared of their lives, an' diggin' for his treasures—an' much they got for their pains, I reckon.

"Well, it was a bright moonlight night—so bright, they said you might see a dollar on the sands, and the water off shore seemed all afame, an' krinkled when it broke on the rocks like buckets full o' dimonds. It was a awful shore in those days, down by Brown's Island an' Ringbolt Head, for where the town is now was all forest, an' so was the Neck, though you can scarce git a tree to grow there now-a-days; but old Madame Furness, she used to say she could remember when the Neck was full o' trees. So you see the present harbor, which they tell me is the deepest on the coast (if it wasn't for that pesky east wind) was almost like forrin parts. It was about the middle o' Spring, when all the men folks was off on the Banks, an' nobody but the women was left at home; old Cap'n Hilder he was off too. It was on'y the day before he'd set sail for Gibbery-alter."

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Grannie Waldo, she alleys used to say to the minister, when he came to visit her, 'Lors ! Mr. Chadhand, you've ketchet me in my *sittabits*, my *tattarags*, an' my *clodhoppers* ; tho' I never knew her to have on anythin' else—but whar am I goin' to ? I say, Mr. Smilax, these old creetur's alleys believed that it was the ghost of the Screechin' Woman that they heerd, now an' agin, in the Summer nights ; and I heer'd it, too, when I was a nussin', as I say, Hanner ! Well, this night, as I tell 'em, afore the folks had gone to bed, they seed, all of a sudden, a tall black ship, with cross-bones and skull afloatin' at the peak, comin' in at the gut ; an' as she dropped anchor, a boat put off, an' rowed up the creek that ran up what is now by Nallen's Mash only a stream that is scarce better than a ditch, tho' then it was deep enough for a boat when the tide flowed in. The women, who was at home takin' care of their children, all turned out when they seed that somethin' strange was goin' on ; an' sure enough, they saw the boat a-makin' for shore, an' in it the poorest creature, all dressed in white, a settin' in the stern. So they watched, an' seed the boat put up the creek, an' then—oh ! what hasn't such men to answer for !—they seed 'em shove her overboard, an' heerd her screech an' cry for mercy—where mercy there was none !—an' then, as she clung to the gun'l, they seed 'em chop off her hands, an' then she flopped down into the water, an' the boat put off for their ship. Cruel it was ! An' the women buried her the next day, an' a sweet creature they said she was ; an' this is the story of the 'Screechin' Woman,' as I've heerd screech many an' many a night when I was nussin' Hanner !'

"And did Captain Kidd," I asked, "ever leave any of his money around, as people seemed to expect?"

"Well, they said he did. An old lady telled me that she seed the place where the chist was found on Brown's Island, an' that the marks of the iron bands was as plain as day, all rusty-like in the ground ; an' it was said, too, that a poor man, who kep' his own secrets, became suddenly rich, an' bought ships an' land, just arter that chist was discovered. But who knows ? Folks will talk, an' the best way is—never to believe 'em !"

A LAME CONCLUSION.

I WAS on my way home from a "Monday pop," or a Saturday afternoon concert, when my heart was dissolved and my footsteps were arrested by the sight of a female in distress. She was young, she was attractive in face and figure, and she stood irresolute in Portland Place, crying.

If I had had time for reflection, I should certainly have passed on without taking any notice, for to speak to a young lady without an introduction is a very rash act. To be convicted of doing such a thing, before a London magistrate, would stain one's character very considerably, and there is no knowing what course hysteria might dictate, and an active policeman adopt ; it is impossible to be too cautious. But I did not take time to reflect—I acted on the impulse of the moment, and inquired, raising my hat, if I could be of any assistance.

"Oh !" cried the young lady, "I have lost my aunt."

"Tut, tut !" I murmured, sympathetically.

"She was to have met me at Regent Circus, and the omnibus-man was told to put me down on the right-hand side, where she said that she would be," continued the young lady. "I waited for nearly two hours, and then I—I got frightened, and came up here, where it is quieter."

"And do you not know where your aunt lives ?"

"Somewhere in a place called Clapham, not in London. She was coming up expressly to meet me, and said in her letter that she had so often met my cousins in the same place, and the servant in charge said as a young lady did come up by our bus."

"May I ask where you have come from ?" I inquired.

"Calcutta," replied she.

"Good gracious !" said I, for I had been on the point of recommending her return. It was a long omnibus ride, not to mention geographical difficulties.

"Oh, how stupid !" she added presently. "Of course you mean to-day. I have come from Acton to-day. I went there from Southampton, and have staid a week."

"Had you not better go back to Acton ?"

"I should have done so already, if my friends had been still there, but they were to go away an hour after I started."

Now, for fear you should deem this damsel over-confiding, I must be egotistical, and draw my portrait. Know, then, that I am classically musical, and the fact of my savage breast having been soothed is written on my features. I wear my hair longer than is the fashion nowadays, and keep it well brushed off my interesting brow ; spectacles lend an air of respectable sedateness to my face. I dress soberly, and generally carry a roll of music in my hand, because doing so once caused me to be pointed out as a famous composer.

And then the young lady was so very young, almost a child, and so very ingenuous and inexperienced. She trusted me by instinct, which is not a bad guide—sometimes.

"And have you no idea where your aunt intended to take you to when you met ?" I asked presently.

"Oh, yes !" she replied—"to the railway-station."

"Which ?"

"Are there more than one ?"

"Several. Do you not know where the train was to go to ?"

"Yes ; to Dublin ; and from Dublin we were going on to Wicklow, where papa's regiments is."

Here was a sudden clearing up of difficulties. I pointed out that she would probably find her aunt waiting for her at Euston Square ; or that, at any rate, her best plan was to take the Irish mail at a quarter-past seven. She had plenty of time, as it was not more than six o'clock.

Directly she began to see daylight through her troubles the damsel cheered up and told me that her luggage had been sent on to the railway-station by carrier. Could I tell her how she was to get it ?

She looked up at me as she spoke, with such big, round, innocent, trustful eyes, that I quite forgot all about the proprieties, called a cab, told the man to drive to Euston Square, put the girl in, and followed. You may blame me as much as you please ; I am certain that I was right : the position was a very exceptional one. It is quite beside the mark to ask me whether I should have taken so much trouble if the child had been plain and uninteresting, for, under those circumstances, she would not have had the same need of protection. Still, I confess that I felt extremely hot and uncomfortable, and did not dare let the conversation flag for a moment, lest she should be suddenly seized with panic or a sense of awkwardness.

However, it never seemed to occur to her that she did not know my name or character, and she chatted on quite easily and pleasantly about herself and her belongings. I did not catch all she said, for the four-wheeler nearly dislocated one's limbs, and sentences were quite disjointed ; but from what I gathered, it seemed that her father was major in an Infantry regiment, and her mother was with him at Wicklow ; that she had four brothers and three sisters, all very much younger than herself ; that she alone had been with her parents in India ; that these last had gone to the regimental headquarters, to arrange for the accommodation of so large a family ; and that there was to be a general meeting, now all was ready. At this point we reached the station.

I was then very glad I had come, for everything was as strange and bewildering to her as you might suppose it would be to one who had imagined that London had but a single railway terminus. I found her luggage, and saw it duly labeled ; I helped her to search for her aunt, and made inquiries after that lady of all the available officials, but without result. Then I persuaded my charge to take some refreshments, and by that time the ticket-windows were opened.

"Oh, dear !" she cried, turning dreadfully pale, "I never thought of that—I have no money !"

Now, it happened, for a wonder, that there was a crisp new five-pound note in my pocket-book. What could I do but enlist it in the cause ?

"Oh, thank you ! What should I have done but for your great kindness ?" she said, when the guard had banged the carriage-door to. "Please, where is papa to send the five pounds ?"

I gave her my card ; she held out her hand to be shaken ; there was a shrill whistle, a puffing, a roar, and of the two human straws which had been caught for a moment in an eddy of Life's stream, one was swept away again by the current ; while the other—well, the other found he was late for dinner, and so determined to have a cut out of the joint at his club, and then turn into the pit of some theatre at half-price.

I walked back to the West End, and, passing the top of the Haymarket, my attention was arrested by certain words which I heard at the entrance of the coach-office stationed there.

"You are the man who comes up with the three o'clock omnibus from Acton, and to whom I spoke about that young lady ?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you have been there, and returned since ?"

"Yes, ma'am ; and I made inquiries, as you told me. They've all left Roseville Cottage, and the servant in charge said as a young lady did come up by our bus."

"And yet you did not observe her ?"

"Well, ma'am, we did not take up at the door, you see ; and as there were several young ladies got in and out, I could not pick her exactly."

"But if she came by the three o'clock omnibus, how was it that I did not find her in it when it arrived ?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, ma'am."

"Was the young lady going by the Irish mail ?" I asked, pushing up to the elderly lady, who seemed to be in a state of great distress.

"Yes, sir—oh, yes !" and she turned to me, eagerly.

"Then I think I can tell you how you missed her," said I. "You told her to meet you at Regent Circus, did you not ? Well, she got out at the other Regent Circus, by Oxford Street, while you waited for her at this. But do not be alarmed ; I saw her off by the mail myself."

As I suspected, this was the aunt, who had made the identical blunder suggested ; and I now had a second distressed female on my hands, not so interesting as the other, and coming at a more inconvenient season. The last joint would be out of the room if I delayed long ; so I gave her as concise an account of what had happened as possible, pleaded business of the utmost importance, which I really felt dinner to be, and hurried away like a cat from a schoolboy.

In a few days, I received a letter from Major Duckling, acknowledging my great kindness to his daughter, hoping to have the pleasure of thanking me in person some day, and inclosing the five pounds he owed me. I wrote back, saying that the money had come safely, that it had been an honor and a bliss to be of use to Miss Duckling, and that I would certainly look in if I happened to be passing.

A year afterward, some house property was left me at Cobbleston, and I had to go and look after it. If you happen to be thinking of paying a visit to that spot, take my advice, and

don't. This sounds disinterested ; but the fact is, that I have found a lunatic to purchase those four desolate tenements, and am, therefore, free to confess that they are situated in a British Sahara. There are about twenty houses altogether in the place, built in a single row, with a very good road in front. Beyond the road is shingle, and beyond the shingle is the sea, which has retired as far as it could from the place, leaving miles of margin. Shingle, indeed, is the prevailing characteristic of Cobbleston. There are no cliffs or rocks ; to right, to left, in front, there is nothing but shingle, wearying the eyes, and wearing out the boots.

When, after a terribly long tramp, every step of which threatens dislocation of the ankles, you at last get to the sad sea-waves, you find them repeating nothing but "Sh-sh-shingle !"

This barren desolation makes the place admirably adapted for rifle-practice, which is, perhaps, the reason why a dépôt battalion is stationed in isolated barracks in the neighborhood.

The recruits are kept out of mischief, and they are taught to shoot. You may see squads of them plunging about in the shifty soil at "judging-distance" drill ; and if the Horse Guards, or the War-office, or whoever's business it is, does not provide them with plenty of boots free of charge, all I can say is, it's a crying shame. But, surely, the visitor can walk inland, and so reach the downs ? He can ; the farmers have a fashion of using fish-manure in those parts, but if he likes that sort of odor, the custom will not annoy him. Personally, I very much prefer asafetida. The visitor, then, with a delicate nose, corns, and a constitution requiring exercise, would be wise in keeping to the road. If he turned to the left, and walked straight on, he would come, at the end of a couple of miles, to a martello tower ; and then, two miles again further on, to Portadown, where is a small harbour with occasional yachts in it, a good hotel, a billiard-room—in a word, Civilization. If he turned to the right, ten minutes' walk would bring him to the barracks.

It was on the second day of my arrival that I made this last discovery, and as I stood gazing with awe upon the barrack entrance, thinking how very much it resembled a prison, and wondering what the sentry, who stood just inside, looking prickly, would do to me if I attempted to enter, the soldier I thus contemplated became suddenly rigid, his murderous-looking weapon flew up to his shoulder, and he made a sort of military point. Then, in a sudden, snappy, galvanized way, he gave his gun a slap, and held it in front of him ; and this, a tall, elderly man in spurs, striped trowsers, and frock-coat festooned with broad shoe-string, seemed to take as a personal compliment, for he touched his forage-cap, an absurd little head-ornament, which did not quite cover the bald patch on the top.

A young lady accompanied the elderly officer, and a young man accompanied the young lady. The youth must have been very fond, for he was got up as if for Ascot ; and his shining hat, delicate boots, lavender gloves, and button-hole flower, looked very incongruous in that lonely spot. But the peacock spreads his dazzling tail just as readily in the depths of the lonely forest as on the lordly terrace ; and he is right. I do not suppose that an Adonis wants to fascinate more at a time with his apparel ; and if that one is present, what does the absence of the twenty thousand others matter ?

When the trio emerged from the barrack square, the young lady stopped short, looked hard at me, bowed, and then spoke eagerly to the old gentleman in uniform, who at once advanced toward me, and held out his hand.

"My daughter tells me that you are Mr. Tweedie, who so kindly came to her assistance when she was lost in London," said he, and was very civil. So was Miss Duckling. The young man to whom I was introduced tried to follow suit, but failed : it was easy to see that he hated me. He was but an ingenuous ensign, and had not yet learned how to conceal his feelings. The cause of his enmity, I need hardly say, was the cordiality of the young lady's manner toward myself.

"So you have left Ireland ?" I unnecessarily observed.

"Yes ; papa got his step, and was put in command of this dépôt."

"By-the-by, colonel," said I, "what is a dépôt ? Stores, shades and dépôts have been mysteries to me from my youth." The stolidity of my ignorance excited a smile upon the face of the ensign, but the soldier sought to enlighten me.

"A dépôt ? Well, you know—several regiments have their dépôts at it."

"I see," I falsely asserted.

We had a pleasant walk to some new butts which were being set up ; and on our return to the colonel and his daughter, both declared that I must come and see Mrs. Duckling. So I passed through the barrack-gates with the rest, feeling taller when the sentry presented arms. The colonel took the ensign's arm, and spoke to him aside ; the poor youth nodded, and presently afterward asked me to dine at the mess that evening. I am sure, from the forced character of his smile, that he felt feeding me to be pushing Christianity rather too far.

Then he had to bow himself off, leaving me to enter the home of the beautiful Emma. Neither the beautiful Emma nor her mamma could have been good housewives, for the quarters of the chief were in a terrible mess ; and his little ones, who came swarming over us, were a sad contrast to the clean, tidy offspring of the non-commissioned officers that I had noticed playing about. As for the youngest Duckling, a tot that pottered about dragging a fresh herring tied to a bit of string after it as a toy, he was so sticky that I am convinced that it alighted on him would have been limed.

The furniture was scanty and common, and no attempt had been made to set things off. We found Mrs. Duckling lying on a sofa reading a novel.

She had been a handsome woman in her

time, there could be no doubt of that—and she had the best part of beauty, a kind, feminine, good-tempered expression, left. She greeted me with much cordiality, and evidently thought a good deal of my having paid her daughter's fare.

"Civility I have met with myself over and over again," said she ; "but five pounds from an utter stranger !—never."

I liked her—she was so thoroughly unaffected. They were poor, but she seemed to think that rather a joke than otherwise.

"I will not ask you to dinner," said she. "We dine early because of the children. If you are hungry at any time about one o'clock, and can eat cold meat and rice-pudding, we shall be glad to see you ; but do not expect to be asked. When the colonel cannot stand our fare any longer, he goes to the mess."

It is very pleasant to be made much of, and the Ducklings were so agreeable that I stopped at Cobbleston a few days longer than was strictly necessary.

I must confess that I took a mischievous pleasure in exciting the jealous wrath of the ensign, and this appeared to be shared by the fair Emma—at least, she certainly acted in a manner which was likely to pique him, paid more attention to what I said when we were together, and seemed to prefer walking with me. But I cannot put into words the many little perceptible though undefinable shades of conduct which were calculated to depress him and encourage me. I was glad to be forced upon the poor youth as a nominal—I say nominal, because, doubtless, I really dined at the colonel's expense—as a nominal guest again. On the second day I was made an honorary member of the mess—a graceful act, for it is really difficult to get a dinner at Cobbleston. At the end of the week, however, I was forced to go, and when I announced the fact to the Ducklings they were so dumbfounded that it was more than flattering—it was quite touching.

The time was just after morning parade, and the family party was complete. The colonel was writing an official letter to squash a court-martial, telling the members that they must find something to say more in accordance with his own private opinion ; Mrs. Duckling was reposing on the sofa, rumpling the hair of one of her little ones who sat on the floor beside her ; Emma was winding wool ; and the ensign, who had not changed his uniform, sat bolt upright in front of her, holding the skein, his legs under his chair, his eyes looking unutterable things at his charmer, who was opposite and so close. Her hand touched his occasionally, and then he positively colored.

"And why must you go ?" asked Mrs. Duckling with her voice, and Miss Emma with her eyes. The colonel, too, was arrested, pen-in-air. The ensign's lips parted.

"Well, the fact is, my fourth child has got a rash, and my wife is rather uneasy," said I.

"Fourth child ?"

"Wife !"

"Yes ; did you not know that I was a married man ?"

I wonder whether the Ducklings really took me for a bachelor with intentions ? I only know that their manner when I took leave was not so cordial as it had been ; that the ensign drove me over to the station in a brother-officer's dog-cart, and that he wrung my hand at parting with such cordiality that his signet-ring nearly drew blood.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

OLE BULL is writing a book entitled "The Soul of the Violin."

THE BERGER BELL-RINGERS occupy Lina Edwin's Theatre.

MME. METHUA-SCHELLER's repertory includes seventy plays.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS are about to reappear at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE returns to the Strand, London, this month.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, this week, MR. G. C. Boniface opened in "Les Misérables."

A NEW GERMAN prima donna has appeared who weighs 375 pounds. The Teuton ensemble is charming.

THE PERFORMANCE AT THE BOWERY THEATRE July 14th was for the benefit of Mr. William Freigh, the manager.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is the guest of Mr. Samuel L. Barlow, at his summer residence at Glen Cove.

MONDAY night Mr. Oliver Doud Byron appeared at Niblo's Garden in his great sensation play "Across the Continent."

MR. JARRETT is in London making preparations for the Nilsson operatic tour in the United States, which begins in October next.

FREDERICK LEMAITRE (now nearly eighty) is to reappear at the Théâtre Cluny, in the well-known



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ORANGE RIOT OF JULY 12TH—SCENE ON EIGHTH AVENUE; SUMMARY EJECTION OF SPECTATORS FROM THE STREET-CORNERS, AND PANIC AMONG THE FUGITIVES.

GOVERNOR RANDOLPH.

THEODORE F. RANDOLPH, Governor of New Jersey, whose proclamation offering protection to the Orange parade in Jersey City won him such prompt and widespread approbation, had before this exigency proved himself a ruler of singular breadth of view, firmness and moderation.

He was born at New Brunswick, Middlesex County, N. J., June 24th, 1826. After a liberal education and a successful career in the law, he was elected, in 1860, to the House of Assembly from the First District of Hudson County, being the first Democrat who ever carried that District. In 1867 he was unanimously elected President of the Morris and Essex Railroad Company. His election to the Governorship of New Jersey took place in 1868, and was a triumph over a most popular and influential antagonist. Since 1862 Governor Randolph has resided at Morristown. His wife, an accomplished lady and granddaughter of Chief-Judge Marshall, is the daughter of Hon. N. D. Coleman, Member of Congress for Kentucky. The earnest approval of Governor Randolph's last brave act will probably result in the bestowal by his State of the last honor she can confer—the place of United States Senator.

THE CHAMPION EATER OF THE WORLD.

A GOURMAND—perhaps the greatest, if not one of the most remarkable eaters that ever lived—is at present residing in Los Angeles, in the person of Norman Schmeider, a native of the famous little Grand Duchy of Monaco—a principality in the south of Europe, and not containing within its confines more than sixteen thousand acres, within which territory the individual in question was born in 1830, of a German father and Greek mother. Shortly after his birth, he evinced the most voracious disposition.

At the age of three years he could masticate the coarse dried beef of his native country with the apparent ease of an adult. His voraciousness seemed to increase rather than diminish with years, and nothing seemed to appease his



GOVERNOR THEODORE F. RANDOLPH, OF NEW JERSEY, WHOSE PROCLAMATION INAUGURATED THE LIBERTY OF PARADE FOR THE ORANGEMEN BOTH IN NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK.

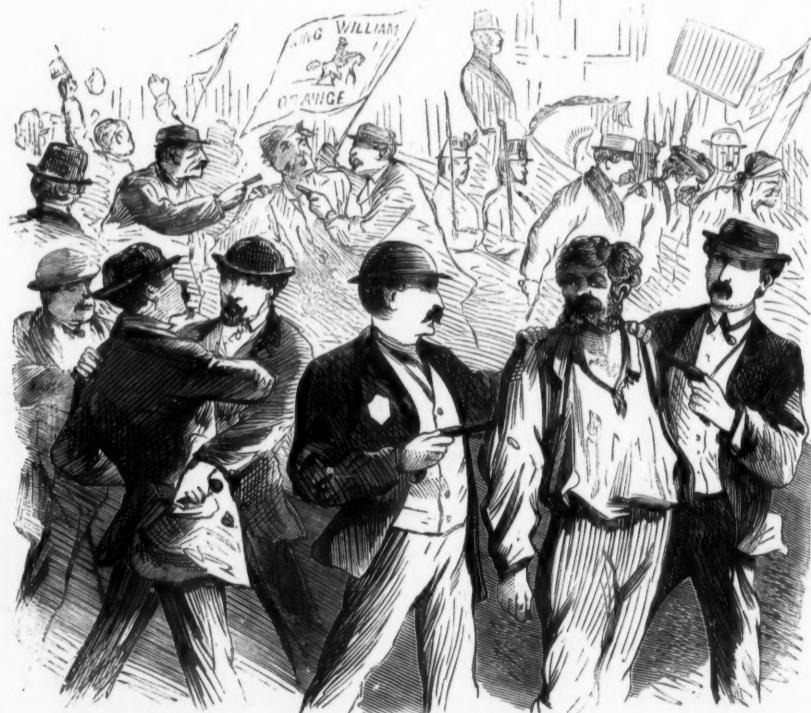
gluttony. On arriving at the age of nineteen years, through the munificence of the Grand Duke his case was brought before the College of Savans, where a daily examination of his case was had for eight consecutive days. The labor proved fruitless; his case baffled the science and skill of the most noted and eminent of Monaco's medical faculty. At the age of twenty he was taken into the service of the Grand Duke, and trained to a course of plain diet, such as parched corn, marenail (a fish caught in the Mediterranean, on which, for a time, he seemed to thrive, but afterward declined rapidly, and became so emaciated that his physicians ordered a restoration of his former diet.

In a short time he again assumed his former appearance, and with it his alimentary powers increased. His case now attracted medical men from far and near, a diligent study and inquiry was made, but without avail, and it was finally abandoned as hopeless. All agreed that his unnatural appetite would not shorten his days, but, nevertheless, would prove a source of continual illness to him during his life—a fact which has been fully verified. At the age of twenty-five years he was dispatched, with a number of troops, as one of the Grand Duke's purchased quota to the Hospodar of Roumania. He remained with his last master but long enough to effect an escape, which he succeeded in doing after serving nearly two years against the marauding Magyars, who, at the time, made continual incursions into the prince's territory. His means of escape was accomplished in the dress of a Turkish trader, by which he succeeded in arriving in safety at the Austrian port of Trieste.

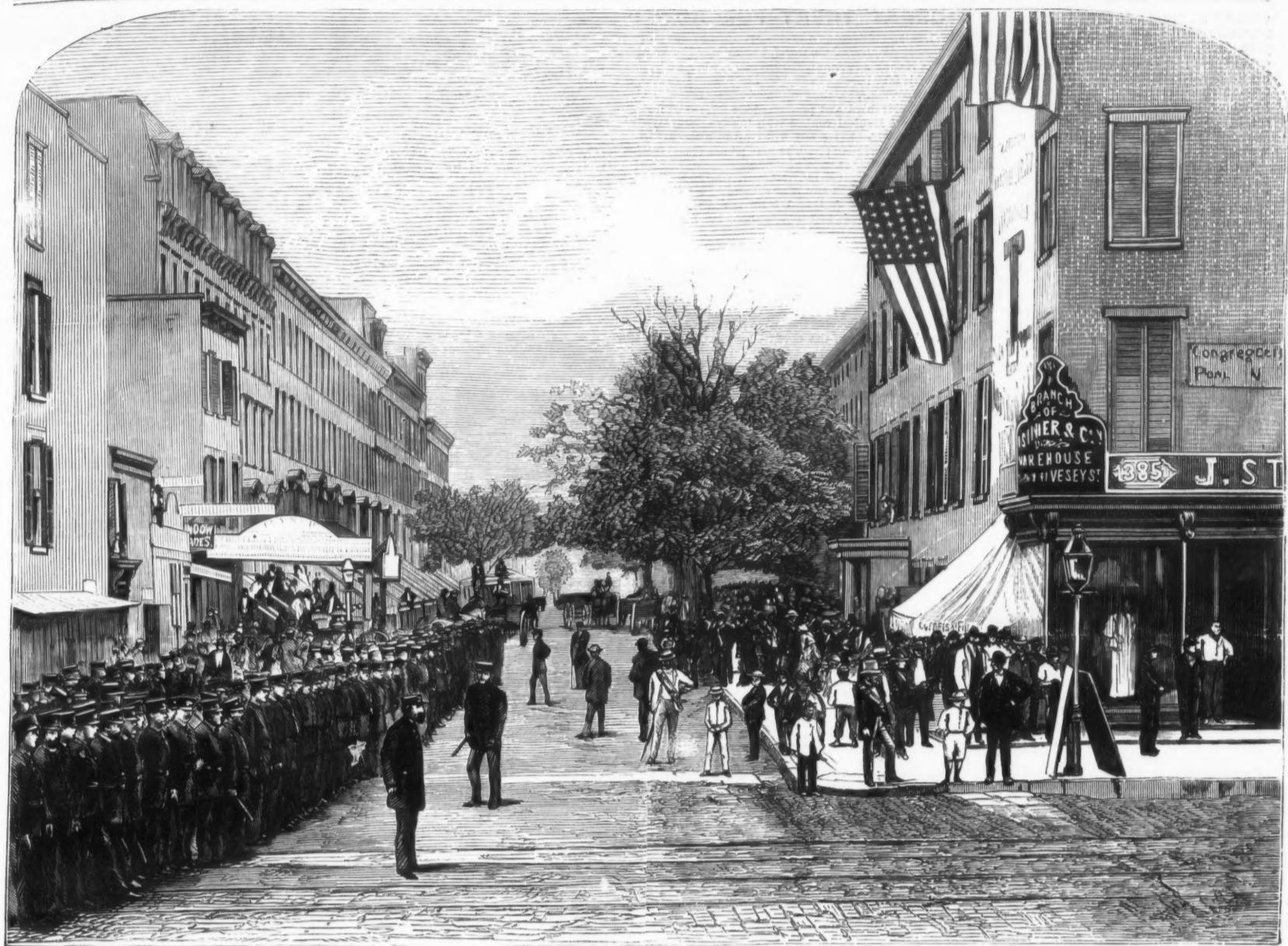
Here he remained but long enough to secure a passage to New York, at which port he arrived after a voyage of forty days. His first exploit on arriving in America was to wager that he could eat a whole ham, one pound of candies, one and a half pounds of biscuit, and drink thirty cups of tea, all in one day. His advertisement attracted the attention of the notorious Kit Burns (lately deceased), who duly installed the remarkable individual as an addition to the noted canine attractions of his place. Kit's first effort on acquiring his charge was to undertake a more vigorous system of training,



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ORANGE RIOT OF JULY 12TH—PASTIMES OF THE HIBERNIANS WHILE THE PROCESSION WAS FORMING—TREATMENT OF LADIES WHO WORE ORANGE-COLORED TRIMMINGS.
SEE PAGE 327.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ORANGE RIOT OF JULY 12TH—SCENE OBSERVED WHILE THE PROCESSION WAS PASSING ALONG FIFTH AVENUE NEAR TWENTY-THIRD STREET—SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES SEARCHING THE SPECTATORS FOR CONCEALED WEAPONS.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ORANGE RIOT, JULY 12TH—ORANGEMEN'S HEADQUARTERS, AT TWENTY-NINTH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE, PROTECTED BY A SQUAD OF POLICE ON THE MORNING OF THE PARADE.—SEE PAGE 327.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ORANGE RIOT, JULY 12TH—EFFECTS OF THE FUSILLADE BY THE EIGHTY-FOURTH REGIMENT, ON SPECTATORS AND BUILDINGS.—SCENE ON EIGHTH AVENUE, AT THE CORNER OF TWENTY-FOURTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 327.

[JULY 29, 1871]

whereby he could test the capacity of the remarkable man's stomach, which was accomplished by eating an amount fabulous to contemplate, and which in quantity surpassed his former greatest efforts. His case finally attracted the attention of the New York police, by whom he was arrested as a nuisance, and, on being convicted, was sentenced by Judge Barnard to six months' imprisonment on Blackwell's Island.

On his term expiring, he mingled again in the world; was in a short time lost sight of, until last week, when he made his appearance in a restaurant on New Commercial Street, in Los Angeles, where he ate for nearly two hours, to the disgust of the proprietor; and on retiring proffered twenty-five cents in payment, which the saloon-keeper looked on as only one-tenth the cost of the material. His greatest effort was the consumption of thirty-four pounds weight avoidous of what was nearly all oleaginous matter, such as pork fat, train oil, tallow candles, etc. He may be justly considered one of the most remarkable men that ever lived, and will ere long, no doubt, attract the attention of our eminent medical men.

JUNE.

"Now flaming up the heavens, the potent Sun Melts into limp air the high-raised Clouds And morning Fogs that hovered round the hills In parti-colored bands; till wide unvailed The face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems, Far-stretched around, to meet the bending Sphere."

Thus mused one of our sweetest poets, while meditating upon the change from Spring to Summer, as the balmy air, filled with the fragrance of roses and a great variety of flowers, floated past him and imparted a delicious odor to his senses, in the early hours of the morning, before he was driven to the shade of some spreading beech or whispering pine. As the sun with his "potent" beams mounts up the sky, the fragrant flowers close up their petals, the feathered songsters seek the shade, the hum of the insect is no longer heard, and Nature droops beneath the burning rays.

Such has been the influence of the first month of Summer, which in our climate is very appropriately called the "month of flowers," and this has been the case particularly in June, for frequent and timely rains have fallen, soaking the parched earth of May preceding it. Eight and two-hundredths inches of water have fallen during the month; this has been divided between ten days, none of them more than three days apart.

"Who can un pitying see the flowery Race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flushed bloom resign,
Before the parching beam?"

The month commenced with the thermometer at 63.5° at 7 A.M., and Sol sent down his scorching rays, till, at 2 P.M. of the 3d, it reached 87°, which proved to be the highest as well as the hottest day. It rose and fell from that to the 18th, when it sank to 60°, and varied from that day to the 30th, when it fell to 58.5°, the lowest of the month, showing a range of 28.5°. The warmest day was the 3d, 78.66°; the coldest was the 24th, 62.5°—a range, in mean temperature, of 16.16° for the month. The mean for the month was 69.34°, which is .04 less than in 1863, 7.79° less than in 1865, and 1.09° less than the average for June for the ten previous years.

The indication of the barometer at 7 A.M. of the 1st was 29.944 inches. It did not rise above 30 inches only on seven days—the highest, 30.114 inches, on the 10th; and the lowest, 29.438 inches, on the 12th—a range of .676 of an inch for the month. The mean pressure was 29.821 inches, being quite uniform for the month.

The relative humidity for the month has also been nearly uniform, and but little above half saturation, the extremes being 87.5° and 22.8°, affording abundant opportunity for vegetation to put on her gayest robes.

The disturbances of both the solid earth and the atmosphere have been noted as not such as usually occur, for, in the night of the 18th, a trembling seized the ground in our vicinity, causing the dishes to rattle on the shelves, and awakening some early sleepers. It occurred about 10 o'clock P.M., and was preceded by a rumbling noise, like heavy carriages drawn rapidly over the paved street. Thunder-showers occurred seven times, two of them severe, and heavy rain accompanied them. One that passed over, though a short one, was succeeded by two beautiful rainbows, the lower one forming about three-fourths of a circle.

GRAND GIFT CONCERT AT WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 27TH, 1871.

THIS enterprise, which is most highly endorsed by some of the most honorable and responsible men of Maryland, is progressing, in the sale of tickets, most favorably. The objects, both charitable and patriotic, for which the enterprise is conducted, are such as appeal to our citizens for support, and by purchasing a ticket the reader assists two noble and worthy charities—the New York Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home of Washington, D. C. A host of most valuable prizes, amounting in the aggregate to \$200,000, will be found published in another column. Those intending to purchase had better not defer buying to the last days. Purchasers can satisfy themselves of the integrity of this enterprise by addressing any of the honorable gentlemen whose names appear in advertisement as commissioners and references. P. C. Devlin, stationer, of 31 Nassau Street, N. Y., is the general agent of the enterprise.

THERE is a new specimen for the medical museums of Boston, worth quarreling about, though it is only a feather. It seems that a lady residing at South End had an annoying tumor extracted from her face. The operation was successful; but the tumor, when opened, was found to contain a feather an inch long. How it got there, neither the lady nor the surgeon can imagine. Among plausible explanations, it is suggested that the lady has rubbed her cheek against some goose or other, or that she herself is a dear little duck.

CREDIT TREAT FOR BOYS!

Life and Adventures of Robert Houdin, the most famous conjurer of the world, just commenced in No. 43 of HANEY'S JOURNAL, showing how, when a boy, he got his first lessons in magic, his youthful mishaps as an amateur, his amusing and thrilling adventures; how he invented and performed his marvelous feats, his great magical contest with the famous Arabian jugglers, etc. Every boy will long to read this fascinating narrative; and, to give all the opportunity, HANEY'S JOURNAL, a handsome eight-page (forty long columns) illustrated family paper, will be sent SIX months on trial to any new subscriber for 25 cents. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau Street, N. Y. Single copies of any newsdealer—none free; no premiums.

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SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.—We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low, that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price List, and mention that you saw this notice in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York. The new "Boys' Watch" is now ready.

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Freckles, Tan and Pimples are disagreeable, if not disgusting. Hagan's Magnolia Balm subdues these blemishes and gives the complexion a transparent and marble purity. Lyon's Celebrated Katharon is the best hair-dressing and preserver in the world. It destroys dandruff and prevents the hair from falling out or turning gray.

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THE VILLAGE BUILDER, published by A. J. Bicknell & Co., 27 Warren Street, N. Y., contains a variety of capital designs for cottages, villas, etc. Builders are supplied with descriptive circular gratis.

THE scalp is made clean and sweet by applying Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

FULL files of this paper can be found in New York, at the office of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row.

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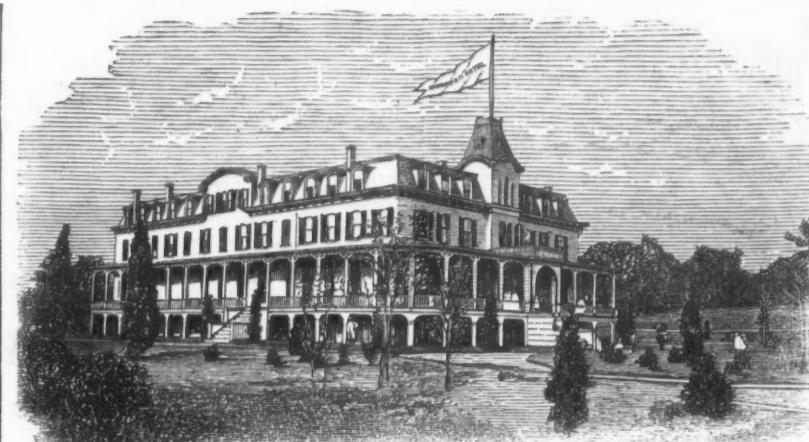
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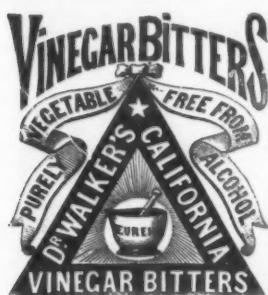
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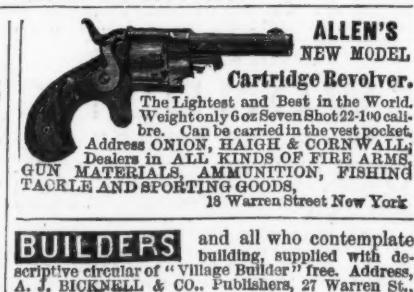
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